

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MAC

DECEMBER 1969 50¢

CHARLES STARKWEATHER

THE "MAD DOG" KILLER

•
CAPONE'S MAN-WATTS!

CHINESE
SEX SLAVES



FEATURING

• DILLINGER'S BRAIN — HARRY PIERPONT
• MAFIA ASSASSINATION
• THE KILLERS AND THE FBI



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Imagine paying under \$100 for a perfect two-carat diamond ring... under \$100 for fabulous one-carat diamond earrings... under \$60 for a full carat diamond tie-tac!

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mitting me. At the end of that time I am not
completely satisfied, I will return for a full and
immediate refund, no questions asked.

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These stones, with zircon, white sapphires, none of any of the "synthetic diamonds" you may have seen, heard or read about. Diagems are different. The result of years of research and development, they are virtually identical to and indistinguishable from genuine diamonds in every important respect. Same basic cubic molecular structure, same light reflective index (1.41), same clarity and sparkle. Same diamond. Diagems, too, are forever.

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(TWO TRUE STORIES)

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The prospective mother-in-law was unimpressed by her daughter's choice of a beau. When the young couple showed up with a one carat engagement ring, Momma softened a bit. After all, anyone who could afford an \$1800 ring couldn't be all bad. The cost of that ring? Less than \$80, but in the day Momma hasn't the slightest inkling!

Diagems simply cannot be told from real diamonds by visual inspection alone!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

When your Diagem arrives, examine it for 10 days at our risk. If you are convinced it is everything we claim, indistinguishable from a genuine diamond except by experts, feel free to keep it. Simply return for a full and immediate refund, no questions asked!

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Circle ring size: 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

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Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro was known as the brutal right hand man of Louis Buchalter.



Frank Nitti, who worked as an enforcer for Al Capone, ended his own life with a gun.

"De Pika" Haitler was a bordello operator
who was murdered trying to outsmart Capone.

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THE NEBRASKA TERROR, CHARLES STARKWEATHER

He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to die in the electric chair for his cold-blooded murders. But his young sweetheart was a different problem.

■ Marion Bartlett and his wife, Velda, lived in a comfortable house on Belmont Street in Lincoln, Nebraska. With them lived their two-year-old daughter, Betty Jean, and Carl Ann Fugate, Mrs. Bartlett's fourteen-year-old daughter by a previous marriage.

Velda's oldest daughter, Carl Ann's full sister, Sasic, was married and lived a few blocks away with her husband and baby. She was a frequent visitor at the Bartlett home, for she was very fond of her mother and sister, and entranced by her little half-sister, Betty Jean. Lately, however, the atmosphere had lost some of its friendliness, for as the older sister, she thought it her duty to complain about the fact that Carl Ann was "going steady." Her mother fully agreed. A fourteen-year-old girl, she told Carl Ann, should see a lot of boys and not to tie herself down to one—especially when that one was the likes of Charlie Starkweather, who was a nobody and who was rapidly going nowhere.

But Carl Ann was at the age where the most important thing was "to live her own life." She was exceptionally well developed for her age, both physically and in her mental outlook, and she was a good student at school, with no record of misbehavior of any kind against her. But nobody, she had determined, was going to tell her how to live her life. So she continued to spend all her spare time with her boy friend, Charlie.

It is easy to understand her family's distaste for young Starkweather, for the boy had nothing to recommend him. Neither his looks, his manner nor his ambitions made him a lad that any family would happily accept as a member. He had dropped out of high school at sixteen and during the intervening years had held no job except that of a garbage-truck driver—and had been fired from that one for shouting obscenities at passersby. So, unemployed, he spent much of his spare time hanging around Carl Ann's

house, waiting for her to return from school.

In appearance, Charlie was almost grotesque. Though nineteen, he had the frame of a fourteen-year-old and was bandy-legged and pigeon-toed. He had glaring red hair which always seemed unkempt, and cultivated long bushy sideburns which had given him the nickname of "Little Red." Thick-lensed glasses gave his face a gnomelike appearance and to top it off, he had a violent temper, which had gotten him into many fights, often with boys much bigger than himself. In all, not a very appealing creature, but Carl Ann liked him and that was the important thing. He cared for her and wanted her, and to a girl of fourteen that is the most romantic thing in the world. Besides, she was sure that he would soon straighten out and get a good job and then her family would forget their objections to him.

It was not a very unusual situation. A boy at loose ends, not yet having found himself, and a young girl romantically involved. Many a happy marriage of today began under the same circumstances.



But the Charlie-Carl Ann romance did not end in a happy marriage; on the contrary, it ended in one of the most gruesome episodes in the history of Nebraska, with ten innocent victims lying dead before it was over.

What sparked it, what changed the unattractive teenager into a mass murderer, we leave for the psychologists to fathom. All we can do is to go along with the young couple on their short, destructive path and, from the trial records and confessions, piece together what happened. Some of the stories are contradictory, but in general, there is a rather clear picture.

It began one day in late January of 1958. Charlie was, as usual, hanging around the Bartlett home. He had his 22-caliber rifle with him. This was nothing unusual, as most men in that vicinity had guns of one sort or another. Mrs. Bartlett had lost her patience with young Starkweather

and told him she didn't want him hanging around her house—or her daughter. This would have been a crusher to most young men but not to "Little Red." He became pugnacious and told Mrs. Bartlett what he thought of her. Mr. Bartlett tried to calm things down but Starkweather became so abusive that Velda Bartlett slapped his face. The boy returned the blow with good measure, knocking her across the room. This was too much for Mr. Bartlett and he went charging apparently at Charlie, to teach him a lesson. But, "Little Red" was in no mood for lessons, so he picked up his rifle and shot Marion Bartlett through the head. Then he turned the gun on Mrs. Bartlett and gave her a dose of the same medicine. Betty Jean, the two-year-old daughter, frightened by the noise began to cry. Charlie clubbed her over the head with the butt of his rifle and continued clubbing until the baby stopped

Charles Starkweather and his girl friend, fourteen-year-old Carl Ann Fugate, seem to be proud of their terrible crimes. (Below, The body of August Meyer, seventy years old, one of the victims of Starkweather. He was killed by a shotgun blast at his home in Bennett, Nebraska.





The bodies of Carol King, 17 (above), and Robert Jensen, 18, were found in a cellar.



crying. She stopped because—like her mother and father—she was dead.

Whether Caril Ann was in school while this was happening, or at home in the kitchen, was never determined. But there is no doubt that she was there and helped him clean up the mess after the killings. She brought Charlie an old quilt and some rags with which to wrap the bodies in and clean up the blood; also, a box into which the baby was stuffed.

Charlie dragged the body of Marion Bartlett, wrapped in the old quilt, out to the back yard and



Police examine the cardboard box in which the body of 2-year-old Betty Jean Bartlett was found. The bodies of the girl's parents were found in a neighboring outhouse and nearby chicken coop.

hid it in the chicken coop. Since Bartlett was a heavy man, did Caril Ann help to carry him? Velda Bartlett was put in a discarded outhouse and the baby in the box was placed on top of her. Both bodies were covered with old newspapers. When they had finished, the two teenagers came back into the house and watched television for three hours.

Then they began to ponder on what to do next, but couldn't make a decision. They discussed the problem until late into the

night, then, tired after their hard day's work, went to sleep.

The next morning Caril Ann woke in a panic. "We've got to do something," she declared. "Sissie is bound to come 'round to visit Ma. She does most every afternoon. What'll happen when she finds everybody's gone?"

"Keep her out of the house," advised Starkweather.

"How can I do that? She's got a right to come in. She's my sister."

Between them they figured out

a way. Caril Ann made a sign which she hung on the outside of the front door. It read: STAY AWAY. EVERYBODY IS SICK WITH THE FLU. MISS BARTLETT.

Sure enough, the following day Sissie, with her baby, came to visit and Caril Ann pointed to the sign and refused to unlock the door. Sissie reported this to her husband. His suspicions were aroused by the unusual circumstances and he called the police and asked them to investigate. A squad car went to the Bartlett house and the officers knocked at the door. Caril Ann came to the door in her nightgown, loosely covered with a bathrobe, and talked to them.

"Of course, I wouldn't let Sissie and the baby in," she said. "Everybody here is down with the flu and the doctor says that anyone who comes in will catch it, too."

"But your brother-in-law seems very excited about it," the officers

told her.

"Oh, him," the girl retorted. "He gets excited about anything. He's always worrying about something."

The police left and made their routine report.

Sissie, unsatisfied, called her grandmother and told her about it. The grandmother attempted to visit Vejda two days later, but, of course, Caril Ann would not let her in, either.

She, too, went to the police and insisted that they force Caril Ann to allow her into the house. When they arrived, there was no reply to their continued knocking, so they entered by way of a side window which had been left open. The house was empty.

"Maybe they all went to the doctor," suggested one of the officers. "Try them again later in the day and if they're still missing, give us a call."

Grandma reported what had happened to Sissie. Sissie's hus-

band, the worrier, said, "Charlie Starkweather spends a lot of his time at that house. He ought to be able to tell us what's going on there."

He drove around to where the redhead lived with his brother and father. He found the brother at home. "I don't know what's happened to Charlie," the brother said. "I haven't seen him for two, three days. I was beginning to think maybe he eloped with Caril Ann because most of his clothes and his valise are missing. Let's go see if Caril Ann's clothes are missing, too."

Back at the Bartlett house, they found that the girl's clothes were missing. They were pretty sure that the two teenagers had left together.

"Caril Ann is too young," said her brother-in-law. "She's only fourteen. We'd better tell the police about it. But first, let's give the house a good search. Maybe they're hiding somewhere."



Sheriff Merle Kornegg (right) and Deputy Les Hasson (left) held Charles Starkweather, who is reported to have killed eleven people.

This is the home of the C. L. Ward family in Lincoln, Nebraska. Three of the victims died there.



rators in the murders; Starkweather might have committed the murders and might be holding the girl as hostage in case he faced the danger of capture.

Calls went out to the police all through Nebraska to be on the lookout for the hot-rod and its two occupants. Notices also went out to the public over all the local radio stations.

Meanwhile Charlie and Carl Ann were speeding southward, their only care to put as many miles as possible between themselves and Lincoln, Nebraska. But after only about eight miles, Charlie said, "We'll have to stop to gas up. Tank's almost empty. And my spare is flat. I better have it fixed so we won't be stuck later on."

They stopped at a service station where they not only tended to the needs of the car, but bought additional shells for Charlie's rifle. Carl Ann sat quietly in the car. She made no attempt to leave it or to talk to the serviceman. Finished at the service station, the

A search of the house brought no results, but a quick look into the chicken coop was enough to turn the stomachs of the two men. Marion Bartlett's body, left out in the icy Nebraska weather for four days in January, was frozen solid. A further search resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Velda and the baby in the old privy.

Now the police searched frantically, looking for the body of the fourth member of the family, Carl Ann. Naturally, they didn't find her, for she and Charlie, after picking up his clothes, were on their way south in his hot-rod Ford.

The police had no way of knowing this. They tried to reconstruct what had happened. There were several possibilities: Carl Ann and Charlie might have eloped without having anything to do with the murders; the girl and the boy might have been collabo-

"Mr. Violence" of 1958. Mass killer Charles Starkweather sprawls on his prison bunk after his capture in a running gun battle at Douglas, Wyoming. The 19-year-old youth admitted killing 11 people during his murder spree. He reportedly told police that he was "not real sorry" for the slayings because he and his girl had "more fun."



car once more sped southward.

A half an hour after the kids left the service station, the attendant heard a radio broadcast describing them. He called the Lincoln police. They arranged for roadblocks covering the area, but through miraculous luck Charlie managed to avoid all of them.

About eight miles farther down the road, the boy had an idea. "This twenty-two rifle of mine is all right at close range, but it's no good at a distance. I better get me another gun."

"How are you going to do that?" asked Carl Ann.

"There's an old farmer lives down the road a piece. He does a lot of hunting. I'll borrow one of his." The old farmer was August Meyer, 70, who lived alone. Charlie pulled into his driveway and knocked on the door, hoping Meyer would be out so that he could take the gun he wanted without opposition. But, unfortunately for the old man, he was at home. Unsuspectingly, he let the two teenagers into his

house and paid with his life for being so hospitable. Charlie shot him through the head, almost tearing it off. Finally, he made his choice of a gun and ammunition and the couple drove on.

A neighbor who had heard the radio warning notified the police that a car with Starkweather's license number was in the Meyer driveway. The police rushed to the farmhouse and surrounded it, calling on Charlie to come out. Receiving no reply, they used tear gas. Entering the house, they found Meyer's body, still warm, but, of course, Charlie and Carl Ann were gone and all they had left were their fingerprints to prove that they had been there.

A mile farther down the road, Charlie had another idea, which was sure to mean bad news for

somebody. It seems that the kind of ideas Charlie had were always bad news.

"We need a different car," he said. "The police'll be looking for this one."

Carl Ann didn't bother to ask how he intended to get a new car, since she had seen how he went about getting a new gun.

A car was parked at the side of the road, a blue 1950 Ford coupe. Charlie pulled in front of the parked car and walked back to it. In the car were Robert Jensen, 17, and Carol King, 16. When Charlie and Carl Ann drove away it was in young Jensen's car.

A few hours later Jensen and Carol King's bodies were found in a deserted storm cellar. Both had been. (Continued on Page 55)



Carl Ann Pegeot (left), 14-year-old girl friend of "Mr. Violence" Charles Starkweather, arrives in Lincoln, Nebraska, for arraignment on first-degree murder charges. On the right, Carol King, 16, the young Robert Jensen, 17. The jury found her guilty of the murder, and sentenced her to life imprisonment.



(Above) Jim Colosimo, brothel keeper and political king of the old red-light district. (Below) John Torrio, who brought Capone to Chicago from Brooklyn. (Inset) The Big Boss.

CAPONE'S MAN-WILLIAM WATTS

The elusive little ex-pharmacist led the Secret Service men on a merry chase. But his time was running out—and he knew it.

■ During the early days of Prohibition, Al Capone controlled the largest part of the illegal-whiskey distribution in the United States. Most of the whiskey was imported and brought into the country via Canada. Al had fleets of trucks that met the boats which brought the shipments over the Great Lakes to the American border. It was a hazardous method, for if a ship-



(Above) William Watts, the ex-pharmacist who enjoyed copying labels and became a master engraver, went into partnership with Capone to mass-produce false whiskey labels. (Below left) Stain gongoré found in the snow was believed to have tried to cut in on Capone's whiskey business. (Below right) John Torrio, as an enforcer, was the Four Deuces bar, now a dress luncheonette at 2322 South Wabash Avenue, is where the young hoodlum learned the beer and gambling racket, in which he succeeded Torrio. He also learned to pay off whenever it became absolutely necessary.



ment was discovered by the Prohibition officers it could mean the loss of a whole shipload of wet goods amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Capone was approached by William Watts. "Most drinkers" Watts told him, "drink for the effect. They don't know anything about taste. Nine out of ten of them couldn't tell the difference between imported whiskey and homemade stuff."

"So what?" asked Al. "They can tell by the packing and the label just what they're buying."

"Issatso?" said Watts. "I'll make you a bet that I can show you two bottles of whiskey, one imported and one made here, and you wouldn't be able to tell one from the other by looking at them."

Capone's ears perked up.

"How could you do that?" he demanded.

"By copying," Watts told him. "You give me any foreign label and I guarantee that within a week I'll give you a plate that'll turn out duplicates of that label that no expert can detect."

"Any kind?"

"Any kind at all. Scotch whiskey, Irish whiskey, Canadian Club, any English or French brand—anything at all."

"It's worth a try," said Capone.

"Okay," Watts told him. "But you'll have to get a bottlemaker to imitate the bottles. That won't be hard. There are dozens of bottle factories that'll turn out duplicates of any sample you give them."



So Watts went to work for Capone. Al continued to bring whatever he could in through Canada, but a large percentage of the "imported stock" that he distributed was made in his own distilleries in Chicago, and bore the Watts labels.

No one looking at William Watts would take him for a gangster's henchman. He looked more like the quiet, little pharmacist in the corner drugstore. Indeed, that is exactly what he had been until he became bored with the unexciting work, the long hours, and poor pay that was the pharmacist's lot in those early days.

Drugstores were permitted to sell whiskey during Prohibition, but only on a doctor's prescription. Once, by accident, Watts came into possession of a doctor's prescription pad. Since he had a fine talent for copying, he had no difficulty in copying the physician's signature on the whole pad of prescription blanks. Watts was also an experienced engraver and had experimented on some plates that would turn out pretty good-looking United States money—understand, Watts was merely copying. If you accused him of

Murder was not an uncommon sight in Chicago. (Above) The crowd points to the body of Anthony Lombardo, cut down with bodyguard Joseph Ferraro. The alert Coast Guard forced Capone to organize an extremely expensive smuggling unit, complete with trucks to lead and distribute merchandise. (Below right) Unloading a whiskey truck during Prohibition.



forging or counterfeiting, he would have been shocked. Such a thought never entered his mind. He just enjoyed copying things. Copying money gave him a good deal of pleasure, but he had no way of disposing of it after he had made it. He was an artist, not a salesman.

With Capone, he could give free rein to his creativity. He turned out hundreds of different foreign liquor labels without one single complaint. Not a single customer who bought a case of White Horse or Canadian Club or any of the hundreds of other "imported" brands he prepared ever refused a shipment because the labels looked suspicious. Scarface was more than satisfied and so they worked together until Prohibition was repealed with no complaints from either party.

Once whiskey became legal again, Watts was out of a job. Then, he met Victor Lustig and thought him one of the finest salesmen he had ever met. With a partner like Lustig he could do big things in the copying field. Lustig, he felt, could be to counterfeiting — pardon, copying — what Capone had been to whiskey. He could handle the distribution part of the venture which would allow Watts the freedom to pursue his "artistry."

He approached Lustig with the proposition for a partnership, showing him some of the counterfeit money he had previously

made. Lustig was very impressed with its perfection and agreed gladly.

Lustig was the opposite of Watts in many ways. While Watts derived his pleasure from the artistic creativity of his work, Lustig got his kicks out of bilking a mark. He was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished swindlers of the period. From 1917 until he hooked up with Watts in 1935, he had become known, and often wanted, in almost every state of the United States, and in every capitol in Europe as well. His audacity was unbelievable. He had charm, and suavity, and a line of chatter that could convince his victims that black was white. And most important, he had an understanding of human nature. He knew that even the most honest man will try to make a financial killing if the action involved is not out-and-out dishonest. So Lustig would devise ways of playing upon a man's avarice in order to get his money.

Lustig had a dozen different aliases but the one he used most often was Count Victor Lustig, a European nobleman. He had a repertory of con games that encompassed every known trick in the confidence racket and a few that had never been heard of before. He was a marvelously quick improviser, and could develop a

plan for relieving a man of his money on the spur of the moment. One of his greatest pleasures was to trick the authorities.

On one occasion, while in England, he heard of a situation in



Capone (above) welcomed Watts into his organization. With the labels that Watts forged, Capone filled the bottles with domestic whiskey. (Below) Two Watts labels.



New York that he wished to take advantage of. But he knew that he was wanted by the police in New York for one of his previous exploits and that they were watching the ships for him. Brazenly, he sailed from England using the name of Count Lustig, which he knew the police would spot on the passenger list. From the Mauretania, in mid-ocean, Lustig sent a cable to the chief of the U.S. Secret Service in New York to the effect that he had some important information for them concerning counterfeiting. Since the prevention of counterfeiting is the prime activity of the Secret Service, Lustig knew his telegram would get the desired attention.

Sure enough, when he stepped ashore in New York, there was a detective from the police department waiting for him. But he was already in the custody of two Secret Service agents who had gone out to meet the Mauretania in the pilot's boat. Since federal officers take precedence over city police, the New York policeman had no choice but to let the Secret Service men have Lustig. But, once safely past the police, Lustig became confused and could not remember the details of the story he had for the federal men. Then, excusing himself to go to the men's room, he calmly walked out of their offices and became lost in the bustling millions of the city. He loved boasting about how he had used one official body to get out of the toils of another.

He got great joy from pulling off a successful coup, but if the victim was a law officer his pleasure was doubled. One such encounter took place at a county seat in Texas. The Count had dealings with the town banker. He had some bonds he wanted cashed — of course, the bonds were phonies. By the sheerest accident, the banker happened to have some legitimate bonds of the same type on hand and by comparing them was able to spot the discrepancies. He asked Lustig to wait while he went for the cash, but instead of coming back with the money, he came back with the sheriff, and Lustig soon found himself behind bars.

With his wonderful line of chat-



The dream of big profits unleashed a murder machine at wholesale rates. Underworld killings became a common sight right up to the end of Prohibition. When it ended, Watts switched to counterfeiting and became a partner of Count Lustig, the man who sold the Eiffel Tower twice.





Federal officers raid Capone's night club in Cicero, Illinois (above), hoping to find label plates made by Watts. The records they found remained a secret. (Below) Detectives examine some of the queer money found in Times Square locker of Count Lustig. Plates were made by Watts.



ter, he soon became friendly with the sheriff, his jailer. He explained why it was the most inopportune moment for him to be incarcerated. The idea of the banker that he, Lustig, would deliberately try to sell phony bonds was ridiculous, as his trial would surely prove. Why would he do a thing like that when he had in his possession a foolproof way of making money? Yes — literally *making* money. Why his machine could turn out hundred-dollar bills at the rate of one every twelve hours, and he had a customer right here in town who was anxiously waiting to buy it for fifteen thousand dollars.

The sheriff was intrigued. He would dearly have loved to believe there was a machine that could make money. It happens that he had been dipping into the county till for gambling purposes and the dice had gone against him. But he questioned the existence of any such machine. The Count gave him a key to a locker in the railroad station where he had parked the machine, to have it handy in the event that he found a buyer for it. The sheriff brought the machine to the jail. It was a box with a tight fitting top, a crank, and a set of dials marked with different numerals. But, what the sheriff did not see was the false bottom which contained a good hundred-dollar bill.

"Now see," said Lustig. "We put plain white paper in the box." He took another hundred-dollar bill out of his wallet. "Now I put this hundred-dollar bill on top of the plain white paper and set the dials — so. In twelve hours I will turn the crank and a new hundred-dollar bill will come out."

"Oh, yeah," said the sheriff. "What's to stop you from putting in another hundred-dollar bill?"

"Two things," answered Lustig. "First, I haven't got another hundred-dollar bill —" he showed that his wallet was empty — "but second, because you can take the machine into your office and hold it there. But be sure not to turn the crank in less than twelve hours or it will ruin the machine."

The sheriff could hardly wait for morning to come. When it did, and he turned the crank, out came two hundred-dollar bills. He rushed (Continued on Page 57)

(Left to right) R. H. Colvin, Chief of the U.S. Department of Justice agents in Oklahoma City, with aides Paul Hansen, K. D. Deaderich.



THE KILLERS AND THE F.B.I.

If it were not for the valiant services of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, our daily lives would be in constant danger from ruthless killers.

■ The duty of an FBI man is to investigate violations of the laws of the United States, and to collect evidence for cases in which the U.S. Government may be a party of, or have an interest in. He does not judge or prosecute cases, but is merely a fact-finding agent, who, in turn, reports his findings to the United States Attorney, who determines the facts presented to him. He may issue a warrant for the person or persons involved, which is executed when an FBI agent apprehends the subject or subjects. Sometimes, the serving of a warrant or apprehension of these subjects result in violent death. Since J. Edgar Hoover was appointed Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

in 1924, nineteen FBI agents have been killed in the line of duty. Fourteen have been killed by criminal gunfire, three were killed in plane crashes, one was killed in an automobile accident, and one died as a result of a pistol shot, when the gun was accidentally dropped. This is a detailed report of how these men died in the line of duty.

On October 11, 1925, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, received a message that one of his men had been shot down in Chicago. For the first time in its history, an FBI agent had been killed in the line of duty. Within minutes, Hoover ordered his men to get the man responsible—and at all

cost—for if this hoodlum got away, other agents would never be safe from other killers, who would surely feel that the Bureau was a pushover.

Special Agent Edward C. Shanahan, aged thirty-one, who had served in the FBI for five years, was shot down by Martin James Durkin. Shanahan had been on Durkin's trail for an auto theft, for several weeks, when he spotted his man in a parked car in Chicago. As he approached the car to make an arrest, Durkin grabbed an automatic that was on the seat of the car beside him, and shot point-blank at Shanahan. The bullet hit him in the chest and he died a few hours later.

Durkin later killed a policeman and wounded another in Chicago. The FBI was now hot on his trail, which led through four states,



Clyde Barrow's brother, Buck (kneeling in his underwear), and his wife, Blanche, were photographed at their capture in Dexter, Iowa.

after losing him many times during the course of the chase. Durkin was almost caught in Texas when a sheriff spotted a gun on the seat of a Cadillac that Durkin was driving, and questioned him about the gun. But Durkin told him he was a deputy sheriff from California on vacation, and the sheriff let him drive on. Later, FBI agents found the Cadillac wrecked and abandoned in a Texas desert.

It took three months after the killing of Shanahan to capture Durkin. The FBI learned that on the morning of January 26, 1926, Durkin was to arrive in St. Louis, Missouri, by train from Texas at eleven a.m. The "Texas Special" stopped at a small town outside of St. Louis. FBI agents boarded the train and found the compartment Durkin was staying in and rushed in with a surprise attack before he could reach for a gun.

Durkin was twenty-five years of age when he was sentenced to



Bonnie Parker (above) and her boy friend, Clyde Barrow (below), paid with their lives.

thirty-five years in prison. He received fifteen years for killing Shanahan and fifteen years for auto theft. He spent only twenty-eight years in prison and was released in 1954.

The FBI had lost its first man, although J. Edgar Hoover knew that he would not be the last, as





(Left) Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd. (Above) Two of the four officers, slain in a gun battle with five gunmen, lie dead between two bullet-riddled cars in front of the Kansas City railroad depot. (Below) General view of the scene of the Kansas City massacre. Convict Frank Nash also died.



the crime rate was climbing at a fast rate and law-enforcement officers would be the first target for any hoodlum with a gun. It wasn't until 1929 that second agent was a victim of foul play. Paul E. Reynolds' body was found floating in a canal northwest of Phoenix, Arizona, on August 12, 1929, with a bullet in his heart. However, an intensive investigation failed to solve the mystery of his death. Special Agent Reynolds entered the FBI in October 1926, and was thirty-eight years old when he died.

Two years later, on November 23, 1931, FBI agent Albert L. Ingle was accidentally shot when a private detective's pistol fell from his pocket and discharged as it hit the pavement. The bullet lodged in the top of Ingle's skull, and he died the next day at the age of twenty-eight. Ingle had started with the FBI in 1930.

In 1933, depression and hardship were established facts in almost all American homes. Bread lines grew to fantastic proportions and homeless persons slept in any place they could find. Even the honest man had to resort to petty crimes in order to get just the bare essentials of life. President Roosevelt had begun his attack on these conditions in 1932 with his New Deal and the repeal

of the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition, a law that bred crime in the form of rumrunners, bootleggers, and created a kingdom for Al Capone, was about to take a back seat, for a new kind of gangster entered the crime world with new tactics—hit-and-run. The years of 1933 and 1934 took a great toll of police officers and FBI men. They were the years of the Barrows, Dillingers, "Ma" Barker and her mean sons, "Machine Gun" Kelley, Alvin Karpis, "Baby Face" Nelson, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Al Brady, and many other gangsters, too numerous to mention.

It was in this era that the

fourth member of the FBI, Special Agent Raymond J. Caffrey, who entered the FBI in February 1928, was a victim of a trio of desperados, the most dangerous in the Midwest. The killing of Agent Caffrey, at the age of thirty-one, is known as the "Kansas City Massacre of 1933."

Verner Miller, Adam Richetti, and "Pretty Boy" Floyd were all planning to commit a terrible crime against the law-enforcement officers of the FBI and local detectives of Kansas City, Missouri. Frank Nash, a dangerous escaped convict, was finally captured in Hot Springs, Arkansas, by two FBI agents and the Chief



(Above) Two survivors of the Kansas City massacre, R. E. Vetterle (left), agent in charge of FBI in K.C., and Frank Smith, Oklahoma City. (Below) "Pretty Boy" Floyd.

of Police of McAlester, Oklahoma, after a three-year chase. The FBI quickly rushed Nash to Fort Smith, Arkansas in fear of an ambush by other members of his gang. There, they put him on a train for Kansas City, Missouri, where they were to take him back to Leavenworth.

When they arrived in Kansas City, on the morning of June 17, 1933, the guard and Nash were met at the station by two FBI agents and two Kansas City detectives. Special Agent Caffrey—he was to drive Nash to Leavenworth—parked his car across the street from the Union Station, and put Nash in the front seat of the car. The Chief of Police was getting into the back seat as Caffrey and another agent were about to get into the car, when suddenly two men appeared with machine guns, and another with a pistol, and opened fire. The bullets tore through the car so fast that nobody had a chance to go for their guns. The gunmen rushed to their car and roared off. The two detectives, the Chief of Police and Agent Caffrey were killed instantly, as was Nash. However, two FBI men were

wounded and a third escaped without a scratch.

Obviously, the hardened criminals who massacred these men would be hard to capture alive, so the FBI put out an all-out manhunt for the three killers. FBI agents and local police all over the country failed to turn up anything until five months later, when the body of Verne Miller was found, full of bullet holes, on the outskirts of Detroit, Michigan (killers unknown). On October 21, 1934, the local police of Wellsville, Ohio, captured Adam Richetti. He was later convicted of murder and died in the gas chamber in the Missouri State Penitentiary on October 7, 1938. As for "Pretty Boy" Floyd, special agents of the FBI and local police of East Liverpool, Ohio, found him hiding on a farm near Clarkson, Ohio. As they approached the house, Floyd chose to shoot it out, and was mortally wounded.





Kathryn and George "Machine Gun" Kelly leave federal building after arraignment.



Tommy Carroll was among those who escaped from the Little Bohemia trap. Here, he lies dying after cops caught up with him.



Wanted poster for "Baby Face" Nelson, distributed after murder of Agent Baum.

That same year, another FBI agent, Rupert V. Suratt, was killed in an automobile accident near Landis, North Carolina, in October. He had entered the FBI in April 1931, and was thirty-one years of age when he died.

On April 22, 1934, W. Carter Baum was killed near Spider Lake, Wisconsin, by "Baby Face" Nelson, whose real name was Lester Gillis. Special Agent W. Carter Baum entered the FBI in 1930, and died at the age of twenty-nine. Agent Baum's murderer came about as a result of the Dillinger gang's being traced to a lodge called *Little Bohemia*, in Wisconsin. Twenty-eight federal officers and a group of local police were alerted that the Dillinger gang was holed up at the lodge. When the officers arrived, the barking of dogs alerted the gang that something was wrong. They

made their plans for escape just as five patrons of the lodge strolled out the front door. The officers outside thought they were the Dillinger gang and started shooting. Upon hearing the shots, the gang started shooting back, and a two-hand-a-half-hour battle ensued. Of the five guests who were inadvertently involved, one was dead and two were wounded. In the confusion, the Dillinger gang made their escape through the back way, one by one, through a narrow ravine. "Baby Face" Nelson was the last to leave, after spraying machine-gun bullets from the second-story window of the lodge. There was so much confusion that nobody knew whom they were shooting at. When the shooting had stopped, the officers rushed into the lodge only to find three women whom the gang had left behind.

WANTED



LESTER M. GILLIS,

alias **GEORGE NELSON, "BABY FACE" NELSON, ALEX GILLIS, LESTER GILES,**
"BIG GEORGE" NELSON, "JIMIE", "WALLY" WILLIAMS.

In June 15, 1934, ROBERT E. COLEMAN, Attorney General of the United States, under the authority vested in him by an Act of Congress approved June 6, 1934, offered a reward of

\$5,000.00
For the capture of Lester M. Gillis or a reward of
\$2,500.00

For information leading to the arrest of Lester M. Gillis.

DESCRIPTION

Age, 28 years; Height, 5 feet 6-1/4 inches; Weight, 155 pounds; Build, medium; Eyes, yellow and gray slate; Hair, light brown; Complexion, light; countenance, oily.

All claims for any of the aforesaid rewards and all questions and disputes then or arising in regard thereto shall be passed upon by the Attorney General and his decision shall be final and conclusive. The right is reserved to divide and allocate any of the rewards as may be deemed just. The sum of the aforesaid rewards shall be paid to any official or employee of the Department of Justice.

If you are in possession of any information concerning the whereabouts of Lester M. Gillis, communicate immediately by telephone or telegram, collect to the nearest office of the Division of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, the local office of which are set out on the reverse side of this notice.

The apprehension of Lester M. Gillis is sought in connection with the murder of Special Agent W. C. Baum of the Division of Investigation near Rhinelander, Wisconsin on April 22.

After the escape, the gang spread in all directions. "Baby Face" Nelson ran down the road to a nearby residence and held the owners at bay. FBI Agents W. Carter Baum and J. C. Newman were riding with Constable Carl Christensen, when they came upon the residence and stopped to use the telephone. In a surprise move, Nelson opened fire with a

machine gun, the bullets tearing through the windshield of the Ford the agents were in, killing Agent Baum instantly. The two other officers were wounded as they ran from the car to escape the deluge of bullets. Nelson escaped from the scene in the bullet-riddled car of the police.

Seven months later, Nelson's machine gun killed two more FBI

men in a running gun battle in Illinois. Agent Herman E. Hollis, age thirty-one, had been an FBI agent since 1927. Samuel P. Cowley, age thirty-five, had entered the FBI in March 1929. It was four months later, when Agents Cowley and Hollis helped shoot down Dillinger at the Biograph Theater in Chicago, that they were driving along a highway near Barrington, Illinois, when they suddenly came upon "Baby Face" Nelson and John Paul Chase, a well-known bootlegger from California, driving a Ford sedan. Nelson's wife also was with them. Nelson and Chase spotted the federal men at about the same time. All four men jumped from their cars and a fierce gun battle ensued, with Nelson running into the range of police bullets while firing wildly with his machine gun. Chase was behind the car firing a pistol. When the shooting was over, Hollis was dead and Cowley was mortally wounded. Nelson was full of bullet holes, but was still alive. Chase and Mrs. Nelson dragged Nelson to the car and drove (Continued on Page 59)



Lester M. Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson, lies dead in the morgue, seven months after the murder of Special Agent W. C. Baum. (Right) Alvin Karpis (center, in straw hat) enters Federal Court Building in St. Paul, Minn., after his capture. Director J. Edgar Hoover is in foreground.



MURDER in a HANSOM CAB

Nan accepted Caesar's invitation to ride with him in a hansom cab. She had no way of knowing that she would be charged with murder!

■ Caesar Young could be considered, by any standard, a very fortunate man. He was young, healthy, handsome, rich and had a wife who was not only beautiful and one of the most gracious hostesses of New York society, but also, possessed a good business sense, shrewdly managing and investing her husband's capital so that he was worth more than half a million dollars—and that was a lot of money in the early part of the twentieth century. Margaret Becker was eighteen when Young married her and during the twelve years of their marriage, they developed a very compatible and happy life together. The fact that Margaret was a horse lover in no small way contributed to this compatibility, since Young owned racing stables and spent a great deal of his time at fashionable racetracks, betting—and usually winning—on his favorites.

Well, what more could any man want? However, there was one more thing Caesar wanted and

that was Nan Patterson, a chorus girl. Nan was a member of the touring company of the famous Floradora Sextet. She was neither as beautiful nor as stately as his wife; neither was she as well-mannered or as well-educated. But she had the indefinable something that could stir a man's blood. Some call it "IT." Some think of it simply as SEX. Whatever it is called, it was the power to drive a man like Caesar Young out of his mind with desire.

Caesar lusted for Nan, and since Nan's moral values were not the highest, he did not meet any great difficulties in seducing her. From Nan's point of view, seduction was on her side, for how many girls have the good fortune to find wealthy and lavishly generous lovers?

It is obvious that Caesar Young lived in the wrong place at the wrong time. In Biblical days he could legally have taken a second wife if his first was without child. Even today, in many of the Arabian countries he could have added



Nan to his harem with no questions asked. But in New York, at the beginning of the twentieth century, monogamy was the accepted and legal form of life. A man could keep a mistress on the side if he were discreet about it, but Young was not a discreet man. He was either careless or disdainful of the rules of marital etiquette and was seen everywhere with his sweetheart. Eventually, of course, his wife soon learned of the affair.

Young was in constant torment. There were times when he was determined to leave all his worldly possessions behind and run away



(Above) Nan Patterson had that indefinable something called "it," and it drove a man like Caesar Young out of his mind with desire. When their names were linked in a grisly murder case, the New York press favored Nan. (Below) Morgan Smith, Nan's brother, got a gun.

with Nan. (It is highly doubtful that Nan would have gone along with such plans, for a Caesar Young without his worldly goods would be quite different from her rich Caesar.) At other times, when there was a danger of a confrontation between his wife and Nan, he would send her away so that Margaret would not find them together.

He wanted to have his cake and eat it too. He didn't want to give up his wife, and he wanted to keep Nan Patterson. To try to keep some peace in his life, he kept promising his wife that he would give up Nan. Then, often on the same evening, he would see Nan and promise her that he would divorce his wife.

There is no doubt that Nan

satisfied his particular need and in so doing aroused it to greater proportions. They would meet, dine at one of the finest restaurants, then go to a bar and drink more until both were smashed and afterward go to their hotel room for some wild and lustful lovemaking. Things are permitted with a half-drunk paramour that no man would think of perpetrating upon his respectable and partly frigid wife. These erotic sex practices had caught Caesar Young in a trap and he didn't try very hard to break out of it. Strangely enough, without diminishing his affection for his wife, he loved Nan Patterson madly.

Nan and Caesar had met on a train going from New York to San Francisco. She was going to

join a theatrical producer named Fred Herr whose wife had left him because of his infatuation with Nan. But the relationship between Nan and Caesar progressed so rapidly on the long transcontinental journey that by the time they reached San Francisco it had turned into a love affair and Nan forgot all about Fred Herr, who waited for her in vain, while she spent her time in a luxurious hotel suite getting to know Caesar Young more intimately. From that time on they lived together openly.

Caesar, the gambler, was introduced to and became very friendly with Nan's sister Julia and her husband, Morgan Smith. Smith was also a racetrack addict, but possessed none of the know-how of Caesar Young. While Young almost always won at the track, Smith almost invariably lost. Having Young as the lover and protector of Nan was very useful to the Smiths, for Caesar was very liberal with his money, and as long as Nan was in funds the Smiths would know no want. Had Young been a poor man they might have looked upon him as Nan's seducer, but a half-million dollars does make a difference, so they accepted him as a brother-in-law and hopefully looked toward the day when he would divorce his wife and marry Nan. Their

(Continued on Page 60)



MAFIA ASSASSINATION

As Petrosino waited for a trolley, he did not see the two men who walked toward him until after they had drawn their revolvers and had started shooting. He pulled out his own gun and fired back at them. Sharp cracks filled the air.



■ Joseph Petrosino was born in Italy, in 1860, came to New York in his early youth, and lived in the teeming Mulberry Street section together with tens of thousands of other Italian and Sicilian immigrants.

Most of his neighbors came to America without any scholastic background and were forced to take the most menial jobs. But, they were a hard working lot and made sure that their children took advantage of the free American schools, so that the next generation would have a better life than they had had.

Young Joseph was one of the kids who benefitted from the New York public school system. When he was twenty-three years old, he was accepted into the New York Police Department. Joe had grown up with a deep respect for his hard working parents and their neighbors. Side by side with this respect there was a hatred for that handful of immigrants who were the parasites of the community; those who had brought the old Italian and Sicilian customs of the *Black Hand* to America, and who bled their neighbors through violence and terror. Most of these leeches had come to New York to escape the punishment for their crimes in the old country. As a youth, Petrosino had hated their effect on the Italian community and as a policeman, he had no patience with their activities.

But there was very little that could be done to stem the course of the criminals, because their victims seldom went to the police

The *Black Hand* was the symbol of murder and extortion brought by the immigrants.



that he was in a position to do something for his exploited people. He explained the situation to his superiors. He was a big, ruddy, cheerful man weighing well over two hundred pounds, but when he pleaded for the Italian immigrants he spoke with the earnest excitement of a schoolboy which impressed his listeners.

There is much crime in the Italian quarters, he told them, which is never reported through fear. His people had suffered in silence and must continue to do so because they had no one to turn to for help. But we, the police, can help them, he insisted, if we go about it correctly. They should form a plainclothes Italian squad composed of Italian speaking policemen who could gain the confidence of their Italian neighbors and gather evidence against the criminals.

This squad also would keep in touch with the police of Italy to get the records of all wanted criminals who had escaped from Italy. These criminals then would be deported to Italy for trial. Such a squad, he pleaded, would take a great menace off the backs of the poor, hard working Italians in New York.

Then, as now, any new plan required almost endless discussions and the cutting of reams of red tape. It was even more difficult in this case because Petrosino held no rank, but was only a common patrolman. But his earnest-

(Left) Lt. Joseph Petrosino was assassinated as was this man (below) who snubbed the Mafia.

for aid. In fact, if questioned by the police, they would deny all knowledge, for they had been warned by the gangsters that if they opened their mouths, their wives and children would be murdered. Several such murders, plus bomb explosions, kept the warnings alive in the minds of the poor helpless victims.

Petrosino, as a policeman, felt





A certificate of the Decisi, a department of the Camorra, which was a forerunner of the Black Hand organization and became the Mafia.

ness and honesty had earned him the support of several of his influential superiors, and after about six months, his plan was approved and an Italian Squad was set up. Petrosino was put in charge of it and was promoted to the rank of Detective.

Petrosino had to plan his work. There were three groups that required the attention of his Squad, two of which were secret societies. One society was the Camorra, which was composed of men from Italy proper; the other was the Mafia, whose membership came from Sicilia. Many years later the two organizations merged and are the basis of the present day Cosa Nostra. But at that time, they were mortal enemies, since each sought the exclusive right to exploit the honest Italian community.

Aside from their point of origin they had much in common. The members of each were pledged by a blood oath to carry out the orders of their superiors, up to, and including, murder. And both were sworn to "Omerta," best translatable as the "holy silence." To break Omerta—that is, for any member of either organization to confess to or even become familiar with the police—meant death. However, there were certain ceremonies that preceded the actual death and these were: in the Camorra, the victim's tongue would be slit; if it was the Mafia, his penis and testicles were cut off and stuffed into his mouth. It is no wonder that with such penalties hanging over their heads the members of the two societies seldom squealed to the police. The



General Theodore Bingham, Police Commissioner, and Joseph Petrosino's superior, was shocked by police lieutenant's brutal murder. He called on all law enforcement officers to renew their effort.

handful that did talk did not live long after they had talked.

Members of both of these groups participated, usually as individuals rather than under orders from their superiors, in Black Hand activities. It was such a simple matter to write a letter to a neighbor demanding money, threatening him and his family with death if it was not forthcoming, and sign it with the imprint of a Black Hand. Usually a place was designated for a drop for the money, where the recipient could pick it up without being recognized. In fear of their lives, nine out of ten of those approached paid up; some with their life savings, others with borrowed money.

It was so simple that it was no wonder that many of the criminal elements not connected with either the Camorra or the Mafia got into the act. Many of these fringe criminals were those who had escaped from Italy and had past records, and this was the third group on Petrosino's agenda.

He found this unaffiliated third group the simplest to work on,

for not in fear of "Omerta," it was easier to get them to talk once they were caught by his squad. Within the first five years of the Italian squad's existence, Petrosino's work resulted in sending more than five hundred criminals back to Italy and Sicily to stand trial.

One of them was a man who had the audacity to send a threatening letter to Enrico Caruso, the famous Italian tenor. Caruso sent the letter on to Joe. It threw Petrosino into a fury. His one great pleasure, aside from his work, was the opera, and to his mind (as well as to most of the music critics), there was no other singer to compare with Caruso. And that this great man—this splendid Italian with his golden voice—should be threatened by some petty punk, could not be tolerated. He called his entire Italian squad together, showed them the note and said, "This takes precedence over everything else. I want the man who wrote this note."

The squad went out and by discreet probing and questioning



Petrosino became an intimate friend of Caruso and very often would meet him after a performance for a late supper. When he was not working, Joe could be found either at home or at the opera—and he never missed a Caruso performance.

Busy as he was, Joe Petrosino found time to court pretty, brown-eyed Adelina Salino. Adelina knew of the danger involved in his work and hesitated to trust her future to the uncertainties of a policeman's wife. But love overcame her misgivings and they were married. The neighbors would smile as they watched the couple walk to church on Sunday morning; fragile, little Adelina leaning on the arm of huge, bearlike Joe, who treated her as gently as a piece of breakable Dresden china. He was even more solicitous of her during her pregnancy, and when their child was born, Joe became the most fatuous of fathers, forcing the baby's pictures on all who would look.

He was a cheerful man, happy with his family and happy with his work. And above all, he was a brave man for he knew that many of those he was jailing and deporting had the long arms of friends and relatives waiting for a chance at revenge. If he did not let fear interfere with his work, it was largely because he looked upon those who preyed upon his

Petrosino captured a Black Hand who had sent a threatening note to opera star (left) Enrico Caruso. (Below) A Black Hand victim.

soon got a lead to the would-be extortionist. Once the identity was established, Joe himself went to make the arrest, in the course of which the Black Hander was beaten half to death. Beating up a prisoner is not good police work but Joe found it impossible to contain his anger.

"This worm," he said, "has threatened the life of the greatest Italian of us all. He will never do it again."





Petrosino's base was in this area (above) of old New York. (Below) His Italian squad infiltrated the Mafia and made membership lists.

people as so much cowardly lice who would cringe at the first threat to their own safety.

Typical of his bravery was his action in the Alfano case. In Naples, Enrico Alfano had murdered a man and wife, after horribly mutilating them. Sought by the police in Italy, he escaped to New York and, being a highly placed member of the Neapolitan Camorra, found refuge and protection among the Camorras of New York. Petrosino hearing that Alfano was staying in a certain apartment with two of his friends, promptly went to the hideout.

Alfano, having been alerted by an associate, waited with his gun cocked, ready to shoot through the door when Petrosino should knock. But Joe didn't waste time knocking. With one tremendous kick he broke the door in, knocking Alfano down as it swung inward. In a flash, Joe was inside with his .38 levelled at Alfano's head as the two friends stood trembling at one side of the room. You can see it every night on your movie or TV screen. But those scenes are done by actors and no one is really hurt. With Joe Petrosino it was for real and the men he took were not actors but armed murderers!



Alfano went back to Italy, where he paid with his life for his crimes. It was for such acts as this that the Italian government showed its appreciation by presenting Petrosino with a Tiffany gold watch, of which he was very proud.

Petrosino and his Italian squad began to acquire fame. He was consulted by the Secret Service and other branches of the government who felt that his knowledge of the Black Hand and certain Italian criminals could be useful in their work regarding counterfeiting, dope peddling, etc. The highest honor was when President Teddy Roosevelt called him to Washington for a consultation. Roosevelt had been the Police Commissioner of New York at the time that the Italian squad was formed, so he knew Petrosino



Lt. Joseph Petrosino shortly before his death.

well and had a very high opinion of him and his work.

With his fame, came promotion. Petrosino became Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino.

Petrosino worked closely with both Theodore Bingham, the Police Commissioner of New York City and Arthur Woods, his Assistant Commissioner and in 1908, he brought them a new plan. The Italian squad was functioning well. Let it continue, suggested Joe, but under the leadership of Lieutenant Gloster, his assistant. But the squad is not as effective as it might be because its members were known to the Italian community. What was needed was a new squad of men, not connected with the Police Department, who could function secretly. With such a group under his command, he could penetrate

Saturday, March 13-1919

8th May Special Post. Pedlarman Donated People to George
J. Silver on Day Issue, John Lagomarsini
to him J. Compensation on Night Issue
Special Post to cover Church & School
71303 Elizabeth Street

To Judge Penry The Police Commissioner has this
assassinated A.M. received a Despatch from
the American Consul at Palermo, Italy
informing of the assassination
of Lieutenant Joseph Peirce on
the evening of March 12, 1909.
It is said that he was a
member of the Italian
Government.

A page from the official police entry book showing a notation of Joseph Petrosine's assassination on the evening of March 12, 1909 in Sicily.

the Mafia and Camorra and prevent many crimes before they were committed. This new Secret Service squad would act in complete secrecy, with no outward connection with the police department, except through himself. This would give them the protection of anonymity and allow them the freedom of movement that known policemen could not have. He suggested that the group be composed of twenty men carefully selected from outside the police ranks.

The plan was approved with only one change. He was granted only fifteen men instead of the twenty he had requested. He selected his men personally and put them through a course of training. He had picked his group with great care. He was not interested in stature or educational background. What he looked for

was courage and intelligence.

Now, Petrosino had a list of those he suspected of leadership in crime in Little Italy. The list included the names of those he thought were the heads of the Mafia and the Camorra. But suspicions are not proof and with the rule of Omerta it was almost impossible to obtain proof.

Here, the work of his Secret Service squad was invaluable. Soon he obtained a list compiled by his men which he could check against his own. There was one further step he wished to take. There must be close cooperation between his work and that of the police in Italy. He was sure that if he could check his list against the criminal records in Italy and Sicily, he would find many duplications that would enable him to deport most of the criminal

leadership in New York. Also, he wanted to have some face-to-face talks with the Italian police about the ways and means to prevent Italian criminals from coming to America.

He asked permission to take the trip to Italy and it was granted. It was to be a secret mission. No one knew about it but Commissioner Bingham, Bingham's assistant, a few of Petrosino's Secret Service men and, of course, his wife. His wife had a premonition about the journey, and begged him not to go but he reassured her. "Nobody will even know I am there," he said. "So what can happen?"

But a reporter of the N. Y. Herald got hold of the story (perhaps from a loose-lipped employee in the Commissioner's office) and printed (*Continued on Page 62*).

THE ROGUE'S GALLERY



(Above) Andrew J. Borden, whose head was chopped off by little Borden, was found dead on his favorite downstairs sofa. (Right) Little Augie Pismo was Legs Diamond's partner. He was assassinated by mobsters from Murder, Inc. (Below) An unidentified bandit lies slain in a jewelry store after he lost a deadly gun struggle with the 65-year-old owner. The bandit used a toy gun.



(Below) Wanda Cook, 24, of Bellevue, Kentucky, was found in a trunk at Cleveland's Union Terminal after she had been reported missing. Her body, in the first stages of decomposition, was wrapped in two blankets and a quilt. (Right) Lepke's trial opens in King's County.



Charles Whitman's body lies on a stretcher after he was killed by police during his wild and bloody sniper spree at the University of Texas.



(Above) Buggy Goldstein and Pittsburgh Phil are sentenced to death in the electric chair for their activities in *Murder, Inc.* (Below) The gas chamber in San Quentin Prison, where convicted author Cyril Chessman died. California Governor E. G. Brown turned down Chessman's plea for clemency.



Oswney Medders, a famous gangster of the 20's went straight and died of old age—honest



Oswney Medders, a famous gangster of the 20's went straight and died of old age—honest



(Above) The bodies of three convicts who led a three-day riot at Alcatraz Prison are bundled in blankets on the deck of a launch. The inmates were believed to have been killed by an anti-personnel bomb dropped through the roof of one of the cell blocks in the last stages of the fighting. (Below) William A. Miller, one of 14 injured prison guards at the riot, is removed.



Although he claimed to be innocent, Bruno Richard Hauptmann paid with his life for the kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh's baby.



Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll threatened Owney Madden and Dutch Schultz with kidnaping, and was shot to death in a telephone booth.

Armed guards at the prison in Lincoln, Nebraska, drive rioting inmates back to the cells with gas.



A robbery suspect lies seriously wounded after a blazing gun duel with police near a housing project in Brooklyn, New York (Dec. 1956).

John Gorman (left) and James Advis were captured in Indiana after a bank raid in the city of Culver. Posse composed of citizens, military and police took part in the fiery chase.



(Above) Leopold and Loeb (left and center) stand beside the death car in which they transported the body of little Bobby Franks, a neighborhood boy whom they murdered for kicks. Their trial was one of the most important and well-publicized in the annals of crime. (Below) The body of Leo Diamond is removed from the scene of his assassination. He was shot after his acquittal.



Ruth Snyder, murderess, had gotten as far away from suburbia as any housewife could to the death cell at Sing Sing prison.



CHINESE SEX SLAVES

If a girl was older than fourteen she was considered "over the hill." Hundreds of such girls were imported to the United States from China.

■ The Civil War, legally ended slavery in the United States. But in the state of California the slave trade flourished for at least fifty years longer. This was the trade in young girls, imported from China and sold, mainly in the San Francisco slave market, to the highest bidders.

As far back as 1850, China suffered the condition of: over-population in relation to food supply. A condition that so many other nations are facing today. To the average family, which was forced to subsist on a cup of rice a day for each person, the birth of a girl child was a tragedy. It meant one more mouth to feed with no chance of additional income.

In some cases, the girl baby was murdered—drowning in the river was the usual method. In other areas, particularly in the seaport towns, the parents would obtain some small benefit from their misfortune by selling the child. An eight-year-old girl was considered a tidbit in the houses of prostitution, and it was into these institutions that most of the excess females went.

It was a gruesome practice but the use of children to guarantee the continuance of a society is not new. Nor was it a purely Oriental practice. As far back as ancient



Greece, the Spartans slew any child, male or female, which did not have all the characteristics of perfect health. Any imperfection whatsoever marked the child for death. And in Biblical times, before the advent of Abraham, it was the custom to sacrifice children to the heathen gods to insure the tribe against drought and other natural misfortunes. So the Chinese custom of child selling is not so strange as it seems at first glance.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848, brought tens of thousands of men to that state seeking their fortunes. Men—not families—and men without women. And the most important need of men, next to food and shelter, were women. In accordance with the law of supply and demand, if the item in demand was females, then females would be supplied.

Those Chinese who were already established on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco, quickly arranged connections in the old country and went into the wholesale business of buying up surplus Chinese girls. At first, the girls were shipped to America as additional cargoes on regular freighters. But as the trade in-

creased, several vessels went into the business of transporting nothing but girls. Although there is no record that they were so crowded and mistreated aboard these vessels that a large percentage would die in transit, as happened aboard the black birders, which brought Negro slaves to America from Africa, we may be sure that no great efforts were made to insure their comfort.

Most of the girls were between eight- and fourteen-years old. After fourteen, a girl was considered to be past her prime, so very few of these "old" girls were shipped. Many girls younger than eight were brought and sold as a precaution against a possible future shortage. Even babies were handled because they could be bought very cheaply in China and therefore sold very cheaply here. The final purchaser took on himself the obligation of feeding the child without any return until she was old enough to produce revenue for him. We speak of the buyer as "him" but in fact it was very often a "her," for some of the best known bagnios of San Francisco were owned by women.

When the girls arrived in port, those who had been brought on specific orders were immediately

turned over to their purchasers. The rest were herded into dank cellars and open courtyards to await sale day.

The sales were held at some place that was free of the prying eyes of the white man. This was strictly a Chinese operation. Chinese girls, Chinese sellers, Chinese buyers. The potential buyers were gathered in a large space to view the merchandise. They were by far and large the owners of brothels seeking to renew or enlarge their stock. But also, there were some prosperous farmers from the outlying districts looking for wives, concubines or servants.

Fortunate was the girl who was sold to a farmer, for those who went into the whorehouses had an average life expectancy of six years after starting on their jobs.

The girls would be brought out one at a time and placed on a block—nude. They would be prodded, felt, examined in detail by the prospective buyers, and then the bidding would begin. The average price for a healthy girl who gave no indication of disease was about two hundred and fifty dollars. Later, after the Chinese exclusion legislation was passed and the market depended on smuggled girls, the price rose considerably—there is one recorded case of a girl who was sold for two thousand, five hundred dollars.)

The highest bidder would place the amount of his bid into the girl's outstretched hand and she would immediately transfer it to the auctioneer. She would then be required to sign a statement which few of them understood, since most of the girls could not read or write. The signed statement was a protection against American law which might at-

(Left) A Chinese sex slave at the turn of the century was often the epitome of loveliness. After she had reached the age of twenty, however, she was considered to be past her prime and was often dumped into the river after only a few years in the brothels (below) in San Francisco.





Sometimes harlots of exceptional beauty attracted rich white persons who bought their freedom as in the case of Ah Toy.

tempt to interfere with the slave trade. It made it seem that the sale was an agreement between the girl and an employer who was paying her to sign the contract. As a matter of fact, the girl never received a penny in payment though she might work all her remaining days in a brothel.

The usual contract form in effect was as follows:

"For the consideration of (purchase price) paid into my hand this day I promise to prostitute my body for four years. If in that time I am sick one day, an additional month shall be added to my term and an additional month for each day I am sick. If I run away or escape from my keeper my term shall be extended to the length of my life.

Signed"

The trick, of course, was the sickness clause because every normal girl was "sick" and unable to work during her menstrual

period. Since this varied between two and four days the girl automatically added from two to four months to her term of service for every month that she worked.

Once the purchase was concluded, the girl would be taken away by her new owner. The largest proportion of them went to the cribs that cluttered Jackson and Washington Streets and the neighboring alleys. China Alley, a filthy, narrow passage from Washington Streets, was lined with cribs on both sides.

A crib was usually a one-story hub about twelve by sixteen feet divided into two rooms. The windows were barred. The back room was furnished with a washstand and a pallet on which the act was performed. When not being used in this manner it was the bed the girl used for sleeping. The front room was used by the keeper for entertaining waiting customers until the prostitute was through with her previous one.

When the girl was not busy with a man, she would sit in the front room completely exposed to the sight of any man who looked through the barred opening. She

would attempt to entice passers-by by calling, "China girl nice. You come inside, please. Your father just left." The last was added because in China it was considered a great honor for a man to possess a woman his father had slept with.

It was customary for the girls to stand at the windows when business was slow and call, "Two bitee lookee, four bitee feelee, six bitee doee." Those were the going rates: twenty-five cents to look, fifty-cents to feel, and seventy-five cents to do. A surprising number of white men came to look and to feel. This was because of the misconception, held by some ignorant men, even to this day, that Chinese women were formed differently than white women. It was assumed their sex organ was horizontally placed instead of vertically.

In 1882, Mr. J. W. Buel published a book called "Metropolitan Life Unveiled" in which he explains how, in a scientific manner, he settled this question in his own mind. He wrote, "Being bent upon investigation we enter and observe the surroundings, paying

for the privilege of witnessing the physical configuration of these poor, depraved creatures. In order to set at rest a question which has been fiercely debated by students of nature, our investigation justifies the assertion that there are no physical differences between Chinese and American women, their conformation being identical." Nicely put for 1882!

The prostitutes did not have the right to reject any customer. Their visitors were of all ages and colors, and no question of the man's health was ever raised. Consequently at least ninety percent of the girls acquired venereal diseases shortly after entering service. These were not considered disabling by their owners and no medical attention was given them. In all other ways the girls were as neat and clean as possible. They bathed every day and also shaved their bodies daily, but no amount of bathing and shaving will cure syphilis nor prevent it from being widely distributed to the patrons of the brothels.

Since boys under sixteen were not admitted to white brothels, the Chinese crib owners made a play for their patronage, offering rates as low as fifteen cents. In a report from a Board of Health physician said, "I have never seen or heard of any country in the world where there are as many children diseased as in San Francisco." At the same hearing there was testimony that on many occasions white boys of ten and twelve years of age had been found in the oriental crib and that this was an habitual practice, with the boys returning two and three times a week. And we think our kids today have bad habits!

Sometimes a harlot of exceptional beauty caught the eye of a rich, white patron. He was free to buy her for his own use and, if he wished, to take her into his home. Or, as in the case of Ah Toy, one of the most notorious of the slave girls, to buy her freedom and set her up in her own business. (Continued on Page 63)



The Chinese in San Francisco's Chinatown celebrated the opening of Ah Toy's bordelieu by shooting firecrackers and spreading the word through all segments of the male community.

DILLINGER'S BRAIN- HARRY PIERPONT

He may have been an evil genius in an era of lawlessness when murder was the order of the day. But there was one simple lesson that he never learned: Crime Does Not Pay!

■ The years 1933 and 1934 witnessed a crime wave in the mid-West that was not equalled before or afterwards. Bonnie and Clyde Barrow were cutting a path of robbery and murder. Baby Face Nelson was active in Illinois. Machine Gun Kelly was on his kidnapping spree as was Handsome Jack Klutas. Roger Touhy went to jail on a ninety-nine-year sentence, framed by the authorities for a kidnapping he did not commit. Ma Barker, her sons and her gang were at the height of their activities, and Alvin Karpis was on the move, sometimes on his own, sometimes lined up with one of the other gangs. During this same period Harry "Pete" Pierpont led a prison break whereby he and nine other incorrigible criminals escaped from the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, Indiana. The break was assisted and financed by John Dillinger whose specialty during those few years was bank robberies and jail breaks.

The Michigan City breakout was the first one in which Dillinger was involved, but it was

planned and carried out under the instructions of Harry Pierpont. Pierpont was the most influential prisoner at the Indiana State Prison and was looked up to as the natural leader by all the other prisoners. He was tall—well over six feet—and handsome. He walked and talked with an air of authority. He had light-brown



John Dillinger proudly exhibits a wooden gun he said he used in Crown Point escape.

hair and sparkling blue eyes—the very epitome of the "All-American Boy." His first run-in with the law occurred when, at nineteen years of age, he attempted to steal a car. When the owner intervened, Harry pulled a gun and fired four times. Fortunately, he had only wounded the car owner, but not seriously.

When Pierpont was arrested, his mother, convinced that her son had merely indulged in a prank, fought for his freedom. She was a forceful and domineering woman. She wrote letters and visited the reformatory superintendent and made such a nuisance of herself that eventually her "poor persecuted boy" was paroled.



Harry showed his appreciation by robbing a Kokomo bank within a month of his release, and back to the reformatory he went. At that time he showed that there could be no peace between himself and reformatory authorities. He gave a false name; he spat at the guards; he refused to make a statement or to peacefully allow his picture to be taken for the files. He was set on being as uncooperative as possible and he never changed.

After two months in the reformatory, he drilled through some bars in an escape attempt which was discovered. The authorities felt that he would never fit into their rather peaceful mode of life, and hustled him off to the Indiana State Prison. It was there

that he met and first influenced John Dillinger.

Dillinger was in jail for a ten-to-twenty-year term, which had embittered him because he felt he had been deceived into confessing an attempted armed robbery. His theory was that the judge would be lenient and give him either a light sentence or a suspended one. Dillinger had hired no lawyer and had, on the prosecutor's advice, pleaded guilty, throwing himself on the mercy of the court. But the court had no mercy in its heart that day and the ten-to-twenty-year term was the result. It seemed exorbitant, especially in view of the fact that Dillinger's partner in the attempted robbery received a two-to-ten-year sentence which, with parole, would let him free in little more than a year.

Harry "Pete" Pierpont, the brains of the Dillinger gang and the convict whom Dillinger most respected. Labeled a "red shirt" (incorrigible) by the guards, Harry plotted ingenious bank robberies from his cell. (Below) Pierpont is shown being frisked after his capture.





Pierpont provided Dillinger (shown above in four different confid shots) with a lie in bonds to rob. (Right) Dillinger's machine gun. (Below) Police exchange shots with bandits during a bank holdup in St. Louis.

This experience set Dillinger on his wayward course. It told him that it did not pay to cooperate with the Establishment, and after that, he fought them tooth and nail. This put him in the same category with Harry Pierpont and the other incorrigibles.

Those were the days of the Depression. Jobs were scarce and money even scarcer. This does not excuse those who went in for robbery as a way of life. The vast majority of the unemployed suffered through the bad years as best they could, working odd jobs for small pay; scrounging on relatives and friends; selling apples on street corners; taking city or state relief where it was available. It was a terrible blow to their pride but somehow, they managed to live through it. Many were scarred for life by their Depression days' experiences.

Groups of soldiers of the first World War marched on Washington, demanding the bonus that had been promised them, which would have helped them through those dark days. They were rewarded by being fired on by government troops, and were forced to disband.

Soup kitchens, set up by charitable institutions, could not feed the great numbers who applied for free meals, and the wives and children of the unemployed suffered untold agonies, both physically and spiritually. They were dark days, indeed. Despite this, only a comparative handful found their solution in lawlessness.

In a period where almost everyone was short of cash, the outlaws chose for their depredations the places where they knew the cash was stored—the banks! Never



before had there been such a rash of bank robberies. They used as their excuse the rationalization that the banks were greater robbers than they were, and had been mulcting the public for years. The banks, they declared, were the enemies of the people, and by robbing the banks, they were playing the role of Robin Hood who took from the rich and gave to the poor.

The only trouble with this analogy was that they disregarded the second part of it. There is no record of any of the notorious bank robbers doing anything whatsoever for the poor. As a group, they were vicious murderers to whom no one's life had any value if he was in the way.

Harry "Pete" Pierpont was one of this breed. He had made four unsuccessful attempts to escape from Indiana State Prison and each time had been "thrown in the hole" as punishment.

"The hole" was the name given to the solitary-confinement cells. These cells were tiny with barely



Mary Kinder, 22, the sister of two of the inmates, helped Dillinger break out "Pete" Pierpont and nine others from prison. Then she found a hideout for the convicts and joined the gang as Pierpont's girl.

enough room to stretch out. There were no bunks so the prisoners had to sleep on the cold stone floor. They were at the mercy of the most sadistic guards who got their pleasure from beating the prisoners with blackjacks. The fare was bread and water, and a few days in one of these cells was calculated to break the spirit of all but the most hardened criminals.

Pierpont bragged that they had never broken him and he never would. He found that if he did not eat the scanty allotment of bread, his hunger would bother him for only a few days, but by the third day he would lapse into a state of euphoria in which he experienced no pain or discomfort. He proved that he could endure self-inflicted punishment worse than any the authorities ordered. This gained him the awe of respect of his fellow inmates.

Pierpont had four close friends in the prison. They were John "Red" Hamilton, Charles Makley, Russell "Boobie" Clark and Walter Dietrich. The one thing they had in common was that they were all in prison for bank robberies.

Hamilton was a strong-arm man with a history of rum running before he had turned to bank robbing.

Makley was an older man, past forty, short and stout, with the appearance of a prosperous business man.

Harry Pierpont (left) laughs during court procedure in Lima, Ohio, where he later was sentenced to the penitentiary for the murder of Sheriff Sorber. (Below left) Guns carved from soap for escape attempt from Ohio penitentiary. (Below right) Charles Makley, killed during breakout.







In 1934, Dillinger (shown at right in morgue) was killed by police in Chicago. During that same year, his "brain," Harry Pierpont (in coffin above), went to electric chair in Ohio for the brutal murder of Sheriff Sorber. Mary Kinder pays her last respects. Who said crime pays?

nessman. He was a confidence man as well as a bank robber, and bragged that he had once addressed a small town's civic luncheon on the very day he had robbed its bank. One of his wildest adventures was when he stole a furnace salesman's car, turned it in on the purchase of a Terraplane (a car in vogue those days) and then, using a brochure he had found in the stolen car, sold the Terraplane salesman a new furnace for cash.

Russell Clark had only one bank robbery to his credit, and for that was serving a 20-year sentence.

Dietrich was the most experienced bank robber of the group, having been a member of the Lamm group of bank robbers. Baron Lamm had been a Prussian officer. Caught in a holdup in Utah, where he had made his home after a dishonorable discharge from the German Army for cheating at cards, he spent

most of 1917 in jail in that state. With plenty of time to think, he worked out what he considered a foolproof plan for robbing banks. Either his plan was a good one or he was very lucky because for more than twelve years he used it most effectively with the greatest success, without killing anyone and without being captured.

His success continued until 1930, when a series of unforeseen events piled up on him during the robbery of the Citizen's State Bank of Clinton, Indiana. The blowout of a tire in their getaway car forced the robbers to transfer to a stolen vehicle which they found, too late, had a governor which prevented it from going more than thirty miles an hour. The next car they grabbed had but one gallon of gas in its tank. The delays enabled the police to organize more than two hundred men from their own force as

well as some townsmen with rifles. A gunfight ensued, during which the Baron was killed and Dietrich was captured.

Lamm's plan for bank robbing was to put it on a scientific basis, instead of allowing it to be a hit-or-miss venture. Since successful bank robbing was a lucrative business, it was worth the time and effort, the Baron claimed, to plan it properly. The Lamm plan was as follows:

First: Select your confederates carefully. They must be fearless and reliable. No drunkards or dope users were acceptable. The driver of the getaway car should preferably be a man with car-racing experience.

Second: Know your bank. Be able to draw a floor plan, showing the exact location of the safes and how they operate, and which people in the bank knew how to open them. (Continued on Page 64)

THEY CALLED HIM
**"MAD
 DOG"
 COLL**
 THE CRAZED BABY
 KILLER

■ At the tender age of twenty-three, Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll had the heads of New York's gangland so terrified that Owney Madden, the Duke of the West Side, fled to Florida "for his health" and Dutch Schultz, the liquor czar of the theatre district, went into a panic and holed up for days at Polly Adler's deluxe whorehouse, with a squad of his most trusted triggermen standing guard night and day.

So afraid that he would be discovered, Schultz secretly moved in a hijacked bank's armored car to Madam Frage's house of prostitution for the duration of Coll's kidnapping and murder spree against New York's hoods.

Madam Frage's was famous for its nightly games of leapfrog, in which five of her loveliest girls would crouch nude on the floor as selected customers each would play the part of the frog to their own delight and the edification of the other assembled "guests" in Madam Frage's "parlor."

Thereupon, a conference of the Underworld's top brass was called and was held in a midtown hotel. At that council of war, it was agreed that the weakest member of Coll's newly formed gang should be worked over to obtain information about Coll's movements because the gang was cutting into the established territories. The city then was divided into zones with squads of gunmen waiting at various locations to cut Coll down the moment he was pinpointed.

Even with a \$50,000 price on his head, Coll did not scare easily. He had the audacity to call Owney

Madden and announce that unless Madden came up with \$100,000, he would be kidnapped and held for ransom. Owney could make it easy on himself, he told him, by paying "the tab" in advance, thus avoiding the discomforts and hazards of being kidnapped.

Thereupon, a conference of the Underworld's top brass was called and was held in a midtown hotel. At that council of war, it was agreed that the weakest member of Coll's newly formed gang should be worked over to obtain information about Coll's movements because the gang was cutting into the established territories. The city then was divided into zones with squads of gunmen waiting at various locations to cut Coll down the moment he was pinpointed.

On the night of February 8, 1932, Coll and a bodyguard stop-

ped off at a drugstore on West Twenty-Third Street, near Eighth Avenue, not far from the tenement where he and his slain brother had been raised by their sister.

Coll was in the phone booth, his henchman lounging at the soda fountain, where two other patrons were having coffee, when an automobile with four men pulled up at the curb outside. Three of the men deployed themselves around the door of the drugstore, while the fourth, carrying a Thompson submachine gun, calmly walked inside.

The gunman nodded to Coll's bodyguard, who quickly climbed off his stool, headed out the door, and disappeared into the night. Obviously, he was the one who had fingered Coll for the killer.

The tommy gunner quietly told the patrons and the owner of the drugstore to "keep cool and stay

Coll lived and died by the machine gun. Here his body is being removed from the drug store where he was shot 27 times.



Mad Dog Coll, who figured in the shooting of 5 children.



\$25,000 was offered for the sub out of Coll by Schultz after being shot in Newark, N.J.



Owney Madden also offered \$25,000 for the hide of Mad Dog Coll after he had captured his friend Big Frenchy de Mange and held him for \$35,000.



Little Michael Venghele who was a victim of the Harlem "Baby Massacre."



Here the body of little Michael Venghele is brought to his home. The killing caused the biggest shk to hit Harlem.



New York police chief examines baby carriage in which Michael Venghelle was wounded.

14-year-old Flora D'Amsie was wounded trying to save Michael Venghelle in carriage.



down on the floor, and you won't get hurt."

Meanwhile, Coll was jabbering away in the phone booth, completely unaware that the minutes of his life were numbered. The gunman walked purposefully over to the telephone booth, clicked off the safety latch of his weapon, raised the barrel, and fired a short burst through the glass of the phone-booth door. Then he fired again, corrected his aim, and fired once more. But apparently still unsatisfied, he pumped another twenty bullets into the already-dead Coll, and the body was cut in half.

Now the gunman casually strolled out of the drugstore, a rich man, as a result of the \$50,000 bounty that had been placed on Coll's head.

It was discovered later that the twenty-three-year-old killer's entire "estate" amounted to the sum total of \$100 in cash. The money was pinned inside his girl friend's bra. Where all his other money went, no one knew, but, ironically, in the end, Coll actually had paid his own bounty, for the hoods he had threatened, inherited his gang and all of its financial interests.

Mad Dog Coll's short, sexy, and violent career had its beginning at an early age. He and his broth-

er, Peter, were born in County Kildare, Ireland, and were orphaned shortly thereafter. Brought to New York by their older sister, Florence, they lived in a tenement near Twenty-Fifth Street and Eleventh Avenue.

Soon, Coll, still only a child, became the terror of the neighborhood. He managed to terrorize much older and bigger boys by attacking them with broken bottles and bricks. After he reached thirteen, he was arrested several times and spent the majority of his formative years in correctional schools and reformatories.

Before he even had begun to shave, young Coll got a job guarding the liquor convoys of Dutch Schultz, the man who later had Coll killed. Coll's job was to ride in a car with a machine gun in his lap in front of the long lines of trucks which nightly traveled up Tenth Avenue, loaded with cases of cheap — and sometimes poisonous — booze, to stock the bars of New York's speakeasies of the Prohibition era.

Coll's first brush with the established vice czars occurred when, as an employee of Schultz, he knocked off a Bronx dairy for \$18,000, on his own. Schultz didn't like his employees to moonlight while they were on his payroll, and he called Coll in and put

Frank Giordano (center) was identified as being one of the killers of the children.



him on the carpet for it.

Instead of begging for forgiveness, as any other young hoodlum would have done in his position, Coll boldly demanded, "No more hundred and fifty bucks a week, Dutch. I want a piece of the action, a cut on all the beer and liquor sales, and all the new joints we take over. I want part of the business!"

Flabbergasted by the preposterous demand, Schultz said, "I don't take nobody as partners with me. You're nothing but a punk. You get a salary, or nothing. Take it or leave it."

Coll left it. But in the next few weeks, he let Schultz know that he meant business. He began to set himself up as a rival gang leader in Schultz's territory, which included most of New York that wasn't under the thumbs of Owney Madden and Big Frenchy de Mange. Getting enough hoods to throw in with you on such a dangerous venture was a hard thing to do in those times. Among the many people he approached was his old boyhood friend, Carmine Barelli, who not only turned Coll down but also told Schultz the details of his young rival's plan to cut into his territory.

Discovering the betrayal, Coll worked out plans for Barelli's immediate removal from the world. As bait, he used May Smith, a taxi-dance-hall girl, and Barelli's girl friend.

Scenes of Coll's killing below and on artist's version of how it happened at right.



Vincent Coll and his buddies at police headquarters during a former round-up of thugs.



Mrs. Vincent Coll, the widow of the infamous gangster.

Coll told her, "I want to make up with my old buddy. Can you arrange it so I could accidentally meet him?"

May was genuinely touched, and she readily agreed to Coll's request. A few nights later, she arranged to be walking with Barelli near her house in the Bronx.

At two o'clock in the morning, on February 13, 1930, Coll and two of his friends, Patsy del Greco and Frankie Giordano, were waiting in a car near May Smith's home, as she and Barelli came up the street, arm-in-arm.

Coll jumped out of the car with a revolver in his hand.



A former girl friend of the crazed Vincent Coll.

Barelli took one look at the gun and began to beg for his life. His words were drowned out by the reports of the weapon, and two bullets tore into his abdomen.

May began to run down the street, but Coll brought her down with two more shots. Then, to be sure she would not survive, he walked over to the girl and fired another bullet directly into her head. After that, he returned to Barelli and used his sixth and last bullet to blow the back of his enemy's head off.

Finally satisfied with his work, Coll calmly strolled back to his car and returned to Manhattan.

Thus began the long war between Schultz and Coll that brought slaughter to the streets of upper Manhattan. First, Coll and his mob murdered ten of Schultz's henchmen. Then the Dutchman retaliated by killing Vincent Coll's brother, Peter, and five other members of the Coll gang.

But the most vicious of the killings, and the one that almost cost Coll his own life, took place in one of the many houses of prostitution in the area. Coll and his buddy, Bill Mandingo, had been taking advantage of the protection racket that they were using against all the local bars and brothels in their territory by availing themselves of a sample of the merchandise: two of the best girls in the house.

One night, Schultz's men discovered both Coll and Mandingo

in bed with a couple of prostitutes. Coll was in one room, and his buddy was down the hall. The gunmen shot and killed Bill and his whore, right in the midst of their act of love.

Coll, hearing the shots, quickly pulled on his pants and climbed out a window, clutching his shirt in his hand.

In the ensuing gun play from the open window and the alley, Coll's girl was killed. But Coll managed to get away.

Since getting up a gang is an expensive project, and Coll was short of cash because of his war with Schultz, he devised a plan to finance his campaign of crime. He decided to make Owney Madden his involuntary financier by kidnapping Big Frenchy de Mange and holding him until Madden paid ransom for the release of his close friend and associate.

Frenchy was nabbed outside his club, the Argonaut, on West Fifteenth Street, and later that evening, Owney Madden received a phone call from Coll. Of course, Madden already knew that Big Frenchy had been snatched.

"The price for Frenchy," Coll coldly announced, "is fifty grand."

At midnight, Coll arrived in Madden's office, unarmed. He learned that Madden had been unable to raise more than \$35,000. But Coll decided to accept it. Then, as he was leaving, Madden uttered a truth that is one of the greatest (Continued on Page 55)



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permeated every city and town. No one seemed safe from the maniacal, "Little Red." Householders were warned to keep their doors and windows locked and not to allow anyone resembling Starkweather on to their premises. Panic gripped Nebraska. All adjoining states were asked to be on the lookout for the young couple driving a Packard. The Governor of Nebraska called out 200 National Guardsmen to join the 1,000 men from sheriffs' offices and the police already searching for Charlie. "Catch Starkweather" was the first item on the agenda of every law-enforcement officer in the entire state.

Charlie figured that the police would think he would try to get out of the state by the quickest means and, therefore, would concentrate their search along the Iowa border to the east. So, he and Caril Ann headed west. It is amazing that over the whole width of Nebraska they did not once encounter a patrol car or a road block.

Charlie and Caril Ann made it into Wyoming. On the way, they stopped for gas and food, but were not recognized. One of the reasons may have been that in the Ward home Charlie had found a can of black shoe polish which he had applied to his hair.

During the four-hundred-mile dash across Nebraska, Charlie drove on the Platte River roads which followed the route used by the first explorers of the West. He and Caril Ann lived largely on hamburgers and cokes, picked up by one or the other at roadside stands or restaurants. Sometimes, Charlie would enter, leaving Caril Ann in the car; sometimes, for fear of being recognized, Caril Ann would go in while Charlie waited outside. At no time did Caril Ann attempt to leave him or to communicate with anyone. As a matter of fact (Charlie later testified), on one occasion when Charlie brought the food to the car, Caril Ann said, "These hamburgers are lousy. We ought to go back and shoot all those people in that restaurant." If true, the fourteen-year-old girl was more bloodthirsty than her companion. He killed only for what seemed to him important reasons—to obtain a gun, a car, or a place to sleep—never because he just didn't like the taste of a hamburger.

When they had crossed into Wyoming, Charlie got the idea that it was time to change cars again.

Merle Collison was a shoe salesman who covered an area in Wyoming. He had learned that when he became tired from the long trips necessary to cover his large territory it was safest to pull over to the side

of the road and take a short, refreshing nap.

During one of his customary naps outside of a town called Douglas, he was rudely awakened by the sound of a voice shouting, "Come out of that car, you!" The first thing he saw when his eyes opened was the barrel of a shotgun aimed at his head—and practically the last thing he saw, for as he started to stumble out of the car on Starkweather's orders, the boy let go and started shooting. Collison fell back into the car, dead.

"We got a new car, Caril," called Charlie. "Come help me drag this guy out. He's stuck in there." Collison had fallen between the seat and the emergency brake, locking the brake so that it could not be released. The two youngsters tugged at the body, but it was caught.

An oil agent, Joseph Sprinkle, driving by saw the two youngsters, seemingly in some sort of trouble, and stopped his car to see if he could be of help. As he got near the car, Charlie swung his gun to cover him and said, "Come here, you! Help me release this emergency brake or I'll kill you!" Sprinkle recognized Starkweather.

He was larger and stronger than the boy, but he wasn't armed and Charlie was, so there was nothing he could do but obey. As he came to the car, he saw the body of Collison inside and his heart sank. He felt that he soon would join the unfortunate dead man, for Starkweather would surely not let him live to inform the police. Desperate with the knowledge that his minutes were numbered unless he did something immediately, the oil man reached for the emergency brake with one hand, and with the other lunged for Charlie's rifle.

Charlie pulled away cursing, but not in time. Sprinkle had a hold on the gun. There was a breathless struggle for the weapon with each of the contenders knowing that his life depended on the outcome.

Starkweather called on Caril Ann for help. "Jump on him, Caril!" he cried. "He's got my gun! Get the other gun from the Packard!" But Caril Ann stood as though paralyzed. She had seen another car approaching with a red warning light that marked it as a police vehicle. Caril Ann was suddenly faced with the fact that she and Charlie were at the end of the road. She made her decision quickly. She ran toward Deputy Sheriff Rohmer who, seeing the struggle over the rifle, had guessed what the situation was. She cried, "Help! It's Starkweather! He's going to kill me. Arrest him!"

Sprinkle had finally wrestled the

rifle from Starkweather, and Charlie made a dash for the Packard. Rohmer had his gun out but could not shoot because Caril Ann was in the line of fire. The redhead reached the Packard and in a moment was speeding away. He had escaped again. But this time he had a police car behind him and radio calls to every other police car in the area as to his exact whereabouts.

Rohmer took Caril Ann into his car as he entered the chase. Two other police cars joined in. It was a hectic drive, for the Packard made up to 115 miles an hour. The bullets the police fired at Charlie made him press his foot ever harder on the accelerator. Finally, one of the bullets smashed the rear window of the Packard. Charlie brought the car to a squealing stop and a few seconds later was surrounded by policemen. He got out of the car holding his ear which was bleeding slightly and whimpered, "I've been shot. You bastards shot me!"

A quick examination showed that his ear had been superficially nicked by a piece of flying glass. The big, bold murderer when confronted by the law turned out to be a snivelling little boy, horrified by a few drops of his own blood.

In May of 1958, Starkweather was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the electric chair.

Caril Ann presented a problem. Her past good record, her youthful age and her insistence that she had done what she did because she was afraid of her boy friend, drew the sympathy of many people to her side. It was hard for the public at large to believe that such a child could willingly have participated in Charlie's senseless, cold-blooded slaughter.

The authorities settled the problem by putting Caril Ann on trial for the murder of young Jensen. With all the evidence at their disposal, including the testimony of Starkweather, the jury found the girl guilty of murder. She was committed to prison for life.

If unstable Charles Starkweather had not had access to a gun, his ten innocent victims might be alive today.



them to the bank for examination and was assured that they were both genuine. He tore back to Lustig. Here was a way to get out of his financial difficulties. Why couldn't he buy the machine? he demanded of the swindler.

"Well," said Lustig, "selling the machine won't do me any good while I'm in jail. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You arrange for me to escape, and instead of charging you fifteen thousand which is the price of the box you can have it for eight thousand."

The sheriff dipped a little deeper into the county cash, and that night Lustig "escaped" and left town with eight thousand dollars snugly in his pocket. When the sheriff found that his eight-thousand-dollar machine spewed out nothing but plain white paper, he became a little annoyed and swore vengeance on Lustig. He discovered that Lustig was heading for Chicago, so he buckled on his gun and took the first train to the windy city.

When he found the Count, he made the mistake of allowing the swindler to talk. Within a few minutes, he found himself on the defensive. Lustig accused him of breaking the machine. "You're all the same!" the Count said disgustedly. "You're greedy. You won't wait the necessary twelve hours before turning the crank. You want a new bill every hour. You've broken the money maker!"

"No; No!" cried the sheriff. "I waited twelve hours. I swear I waited twelve hours!"

Then the dials were set wrong. No, insisted the sheriff. The dials were not changed. Then he had not used the do-hicky properly. What do-hicky? He had no do-hicky. Lustig was aghast. You've lost the do-hicky? You'll never get a good bill out of the machine without it. It's a little knob that fits on the machine next to the dials. Wait a minute—I think I have an extra one in my room. Sure enough, he produced a little round knob which he sold to the sheriff for every dollar the lawman had in his possession.

The sheriff went back to Texas where, unable to make money even with the do-hicky, he spent some time in jail for his defalcation.

Lustig left Chicago, after having another money machine made for him, including a few extra do-hicks. He liked to be prepared for any sucker that came along.

Paris, in 1925, was the scene and

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the time of Count Lustig's most spectacular adventure. His future partner-to-be, Watts, was working quietly in Chicago, counterfeiting French whiskey labels for Capone while the Count sat in the outdoor Parisian cafes contentedly sipping the original beverages. At that time the two men had not yet heard of each other.

The Count read and spoke French perfectly. One of the French newspapers ran a story about the poor condition of the Eiffel Tower. Rust was beginning to eat away at it, the paper said, and it would cost many thousands of francs to put it in good repair. The story went on in an obvious attempt to sensationalize a commonplace item—that the Postal and Telegraph Ministry, which was in charge of the edifice, was considering tearing it down.

No one in Paris took it seriously; they were acquainted with the way stories of this type were built up. But Lustig's active imagination told him that here was the means for a really stupendous hoax. He arranged for a set of forged documents, proving he was an official of the Postal and Telegraph Ministry, together with some stationery of that bureau, showing his name as an officer. He sent letters to three of the largest scrap-metal dealers of Paris inviting them to his hotel at a certain hour for an interview.

The dealers came and were very much surprised to hear from the Count, in his new self-appointed capacity, that the government had actually decided to demolish the Eiffel Tower, which was considered an eyesore by many Parisians.

"We wish to do this secretly," he told the dealers, "in order to avoid any fuss about the removal of this tourist attraction. If you will let me have your bids within one week, the contract will be promptly awarded to the highest bidder. The contractor must demolish the edifice and remove all its parts. Of course, all the metal will belong to the contractor."

When the meeting was over, one of the dealers lingered behind to talk to Lustig. Let us call him . . . Monsieur LaFitte.

"I know that you government officials do not receive a great deal of pay for your responsible work," LaFitte told Lustig.

The Count agreed that this was true.

"If one of my salesmen were to go out and obtain for the firm a very large contract I would happily pay him a substantial commission," said LaFitte. "Is that not so?"

"I suppose so," said the Count, "but what has that to do with me?"

"Only that my firm is prepared to pay this commission, and since our only contact is with you, and there is no salesman, I think you should get the commission."

"Are you attempting to bribe me?" demanded the Count indignantly.

"No, no. Not at all. This was merely a suggestion to show our appreciation for your courtesy. Of course, the commission would come to a handsome amount and—ah—it would be all in cash, so there would be no evidence of it." He took a wad of thousand-franc notes out of his pocket and held them out. Lustig took the money with apparent reluctance and put it into his own pocket.

"I'm not sure this is correct," he said, "but I will think about it."

La Fitte left quickly before Lustig could change his mind. A week later, after the bids came in, the contract was awarded to La Fitte. He was told that he must have a certified check for the money in Lustig's hands by noon the next day, and the Eiffel Tower was his to do with as he would.

At noon next day, the check exchanged hands, as did the approved contract. La Fitte, overjoyed—for this contract would make him rich—went to prepare for the work. Lustig went to the bank, cashed the check, took a taxi to the railroad station, picked up his bags, which he had previously deposited there, and was on the two-o'clock train for Vienna, where he could live high on La Fitte's money until the next sucker came along.

There is a version of this adventure that says that La Fitte did not complain to the police about being cheated for fear of becoming a laughing stock and that when Lustig found this out he returned to Paris and resold the Eiffel Tower to the second of the three bidders, from whom he also extracted a "commission." The audacity that this man had makes it quite possible to believe this second version. Yes—this was the man who teamed up with William Watts, to distribute a load of beautifully counterfeited hundred-dollar bills. Soon the country was flooded with them.

The Secret Service Agents are, in their own way, as discerning as art critics. Just as an art critic can at a glance distinguish between a genuine and a false Monet, so the Secret Service men could pinpoint a false bill and be able to tell who made it. They quickly recognized the Watts technique and made a search for the "copyist." But Watts was not to be found. They found that Lustig was in the country, and that Lustig and Watts had had several

conferences. So they searched for Lustig hoping he would lead them to Watts and the plates from which the bills were made. But Lustig also seemed to have disappeared.

Lustig was known to be friendly with a young lady who had an expensive apartment on the east side of New York. The Secret Service men tapped her phone in an attempt to get a lead to Lustig. It took a long time, but in the end it succeeded. Eventually, Lustig made a visit to the lady, and was arrested.

Then Lustig began to talk. Remember now, that his line of talk was his best weapon. He could talk himself out of anything. But talk is a double-edged sword, for if a man talks long enough he is bound to say a few things, which, on more mature consideration, he regrettably wishes he hadn't said.

So, during ten hours of questioning, which meant ten hours of Lustig's answers, he had let drop several vital clues—Watts was in the New York area but on the Jersey side of the Hudson River. He was living in a boarding house. He could see from his room trans-Atlantic steamers coming up the river to their piers.

It wasn't much to go on but it was all the Secret Service men had. They searched the Jersey side of the river, looking for a boarding house that fit the requirements—and they found it in Union City.

When they burst into Watts' room they found the counterfeit hundred-dollar plates and about fifty thousand dollars' worth of the phony money. Since Lustig's arrest, Watts, the timid, quiet man that he was, had been living in fear. He was almost relieved that he was caught and it was all over and talked freely, explaining the entire operation.

Watts and Lustig went on trial where it was shown that they had disposed of approximately one million, three hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of bad money before they were caught. They each drew fifteen years in jail.

Lustig caught pneumonia and died in prison. Watts was lost track of after he finished his prison term. The fact that his handiwork has not been recognized in any later counterfeit bills suggests that he has found a safer, if not more lucrative calling. Who knows? Perhaps he has become a pharmacist again! ●

KILLERS AND THE F.B.I. (Continued from Page 23)

off. A few days later, the police found "Baby Face" Nelson's body in a ditch a few miles from Niles Center, Illinois. The dead officers' bullets had found their mark. Agent Cowley died the day after the shooting.

John Paul Chase was captured at Mount Shasta, California, on December 27, 1934, one month to the day after the murder of the two FBI agents. He was sent to Alcatraz from Chicago, where he stood trial. When Alcatraz was closed in 1958, he was transferred to Leavenworth, at Kansas City, Missouri. Finally, he was paroled, after serving thirty-two years, on October 31, 1966.

The end of Nelson was also the end of the Dillinger gang. The era of the big gangs was over, solely by the efforts of J. Edgar Hoover's "G-Men" and with the help that the local police departments so diligently gave, as well as the lives of their officers.

The end of the gangs was not the end of the criminals, however, as new ones are born every day, such as the common auto thief who can be as dangerous as the Dillinger or the Nelson gang. One such was the killing of Special Agent Nelson B. Klein, who was mortally wounded on August 16, 1935, in an exchange of shots with George W. Barrett, at College Corner, a small town on the Indiana-Ohio border. Barrett, a professional car thief, who had killed his own mother, was wounded in both legs as Special Agent Klein and another FBI agent returned his fire. Barrett was convicted of murder and executed in March, 1936. Special Agent Klein was thirty-seven when he died. He had joined the service in 1926.

In 1937, FBI Agent Winberly W. Baker, age twenty-seven, was shot by Robert Joseph Suhay, as he attempted to arrest Suhay's partner, Glen John Applegate, at a post office in Topeka, Kansas, on April 16, 1937. Suhay and Applegate were wanted for bank robbery in New York. As Baker placed Applegate under arrest, Suhay moved in behind him and opened fire without warning. A second FBI agent came to Baker's assistance and fired a shot that struck Suhay's wrist watch, driving it into his wrist. But the two criminals escaped through the crowd in the post office. Later that day, they were apprehended at Plattsburgh, Nebraska, having been traced by the license number of a car they had stolen from a doctor who was forced to treat Suhay's wounds. They were

convicted of Baker's murder, and both were executed. Baker had been an FBI man less than six months.

Again in 1937, Special Agent Truett E. Rowe, was murdered by a car thief and an escapee from an Oklahoma jail. On June 1, 1937, Agent Rowe and the Chief of Police of Gallup, New Mexico had just arrested George Guy Osborne. The two officers were waiting for Osborne to gather some personal belongings to take along to jail, when Osborne suddenly came up with a gun and killed Agent Rowe instantly, and then fled. But he was captured a few hours later and was given a life sentence. Agent Rowe was thirty-three at his death and had entered the FBI in 1935.

A bank robber and habitual criminal killed FBI Agent William R. Ramsey in Penfield, Illinois, on May 2, 1938. While attempting to arrest Joseph Edward Earlywine, Ramsey was shot, and although mortally wounded, Ramsey returned Earlywine's fire, which, in turn, killed him.

Four years passed before another FBI agent was killed. On March 13, 1942, Special Agent Hubert J. Treacy, Jr., was killed by two deserters from the U.S. Army at Abington, Virginia. The two deserters, Charles J. Lovett and James Edward Testerman, had fled from Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, on March 12, 1942, after beating a guard and stealing four army revolvers. They kidnapped a taxi driver and robbed him on the way to Virginia. Treacy and another agent spotted the two men in a cafe. When the two agents attempted to arrest them, Lovett suddenly came up with a .45 revolver. Treacy was shot in the head and his partner was shot in the chest and one arm. But, the two killers were captured on the following day after a long gun battle. They were given a life sentence for the murder of Agent Treacy, who was twenty-nine and had entered the service in 1941.

The war years also took their toll of FBI men. Assistant Director Foxworth and Agent Haberfield were on a secret mission when they were killed in a plane crash in Dutch Guiana, on January 15, 1943. Haberfield was thirty and had joined the FBI in 1942; Foxworth had entered in 1932 and was thirty-six.

Another plane crash took the life of Special Agent J. Cordes Delworth, on December 3, 1945, along with thirteen members of the U.S. Army. Agent Delworth was twenty-nine years of age and he had joined the FBI in August, 1941.

The postwar years took even more lives of our FBI men, such as Joseph J. Brock, aged twenty-nine. He had



entered the FBI in 1941. One of the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives," Gerhard Arthur Puff, attempted to shoot his way to freedom from the lobby of a New York hotel, killing Agent Brock. Puff was wounded by other agents as he ran for the door. He was convicted of murder and was electrocuted at Sing Sing Prison in 1954.

J. Brady Murphy was shot by John Elgin Johnson, in a Baltimore, Maryland, theater on September 25, 1953. Johnson, an ex-convict, was wanted by the State of California for murder. Special Agent Murphy and another agent spotted Johnson in a phone booth. Johnson fired a volley of shots, mortally wounding Murphy and also wounding the other agent. Johnson died in the return fire. Agent Murphy was thirty-five and had joined the force in August of 1940.

Richard P. Horan, of the FBI, was killed on April 18, 1957, by Francis Kolakowski, who was wanted for a payroll robbery of sixty thousand dollars, and for the murder of his wife. A relative of Kolakowski called the police and related that Kolakowski was in his home at Suffield, Connecticut, on April 18, 1957. Special Agent Horan went to the house with two other FBI agents and a squad of local police. Finding the doors locked, Horan and others entered the house through the basement window. As Horan started up the steps to the first floor, Kolakowski stuck an automatic around the corner at the head of the stairway and killed Horan. Kolakowski then fired a bullet into his own head.

Agent Horan had served with the FBI for nine years, and was thirty-five years of age. Agent Horan was the last man to die in the line of duty to that date.

These men did not die in vain, for they helped to make this country safer from criminal elements. The web of organized crime is a big business. Without the determined efforts of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and its many agents, who face possible death in the serving of a warrant or in the apprehension of a known criminal, our lives would be endangered by ruthless killers.

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HANSOM CAB

(Continued from Page 25)

Interest was solely for themselves and therefore, to advance the separation and divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Young.

Now, Mrs. Young had a friend who sought the opposite—that is, to maintain the marriage. This friend had a deep affection for both Caesar and Margaret and developed a strong antipathy toward Nan and her relatives. He was John D. Millan, a former prize fighter, Caesar's closest friend and racing partner. If his feeling for Caesar's wife was more than platonic he managed to conceal it, but the fact was that any enemy of hers became an enemy of his.

He arranged to have Caesar and Nan watched and knew of all their comings and goings—when they were together—what hotels they stayed at—where they drank—in fact, he was witness to all their activities excepting those that went on in their bedrooms, and those were very easily imagined.

In December of 1903, Millan heard that Caesar, while drunk, had given in to Nan's cajoling to leave San Francisco where he had been living with Margaret and elope with her to Washington, D.C. where Nan's parents lived. Millan met the eloping couple at the railroad station and tried to convince Caesar to go home to his wife, but the gambler insisted on going with Nan—whereupon the ex-boxer hauled off and landed a punch on Caesar's jaw that knocked him cold. While he was unconscious Millan threw him in a cab and took him home.

But the separation from Nan was not of long duration. Two months later, Caesar, with about five thousand dollars in cash, went to meet Nan in Los Angeles where they celebrated their reunion with revelry and sex.

Millan, on their trail, found them about 11 o'clock the next morning, sleeping off a drunken jag. Caesar sobered up quickly when Millan told him that his wife was on her way to Los Angeles with blood in her eye. His appetite for liquor and sex temporarily abated, he told Nan she would have to get out of town at least until the storm had calmed down. He gave her twenty-eight hundred dollars and put her on a train to New York, with promises that he would get in touch with her soon. Then he went to face his wife and assure her that his affair with Nan was all over.

In mid April, the Youngs left San Francisco for the New York racing season. They had reservations at the Hotel Walcott. But when the train reached Chicago, Caesar suddenly remembered that he had some business to attend to in that city and sent Mrs. Young on to New York under the protection of Mr. Millan.

His business in Chicago turned out to be four exciting days and nights with Nan Patterson in a luxurious bedroom at the Hotel Wellington, where they had arranged to meet. The agreement was that after their stay together she was to go back to her parents in Washington, D.C., while he joined his wife in New York. To contact him she was to write to the Hotel Imperial in New York where he would pick up her messages without his wife knowing it.

These arrangements left Nan feeling uneasy. For a year and a half they had been living together openly. Now he was going back to live with his wife. Was his ardor cooling? Where was the divorce he had been promising for so long? Was she losing him?

For a few weeks she stayed in Washington. Then the gnawing doubts became unbearable and she decided, against Caesar's specific orders, to go to New York for a showdown. In New York, she went to stay with sister Julia at 106 West 61 Street. There she received a piece of bad news. Julia had met a friend of Young's named Coggins, and he had told her that Young had no intention of divorcing his wife or of marrying Nan. Coggins claimed to have this information direct from Young himself. The news threw Nan into a fit of hysterics.

Julia wrote a note to Caesar and sent it to the Hotel Walcott by messenger. Caesar wasn't in, but his wife was. She read the note, countersigned it, and gave it to Caesar when he returned, pointing to her signature to show that she had read it. The note was a demand that Young meet with Julia or Nan immediately to get things straightened out. It stressed Nan's perturbed condition and feared that in her unhappy condition she might do something dreadful to Caesar or to herself. Was this a threat? You bet!

Young met with Nan and convinced her that the Coggins' story was false. To reassure her of his love, he registered with her at the Hotel Imperial—as Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Patterson. He was kept pretty trotting back and forth between the Imperial and the Walcott.

Perhaps it was the difficulty of

performing his husbandly obligations to two demanding women at the same time, or it may have been John Millian's influence, but within a few weeks Caesar Young knew he could not continue his dual role. He had to get rid of one of the women. He had to make a choice. He decided that the simplest way was to send Nan on a vacation. He bought a steamship ticket for London and told Nan to go.

He was met with tears.

He was trying to get rid of her, Nan, claimed.

No, he wanted her away so that Margaret would calm down and agree to a divorce, which she would never do while Caesar was dividing his time between them.

Well, she couldn't go now anyway.

Why not?

Because she had ordered several dresses and the dressmaker wouldn't have them finished until next week.

All right. He would change the ticket for a later sailing.

That wouldn't help. She couldn't possibly go.

Why not?

Because she was pregnant!

This was a little bombshell she had thought up for Caesar, calculated to force his hand. But he was smarter than she had anticipated.

"Go to London and get an abortion," he shouted.

Of course, the pregnancy tale was a hoax. And though it failed, Nan was still the winner of that round, for she did not go to London but remained at the Imperial. Caesar was in a bind. He had told his wife that Nan was being sent to Europe and would be out of their way. But now, he had to admit he had failed.

However, Margaret acted very sensibly. "If she won't go to London," she said, "why don't we? We haven't had a vacation together in a long, long while. It can be a second honeymoon."

Caesar was overjoyed at the idea. Anything to get him out of his present untenable position. Margaret rushed to the steamship office and bought tickets for two on the "Germanic" sailing at 9:30 on the morning of June 4. She began to pack their trunks for a European stay of several months. Caesar reminded her to put in some warm suits for him as it might be cool in London.

When Nan Patterson heard the news she became desperate. Her world, as she knew it, was coming to an end. She had tried in every way she could think of to hold on to Caesar Young, but it was obvious that she was going to lose him, if she didn't do something fast! Julia and Morgan Smith tried to console

her and all sorts of wild plans were discussed to keep Young from sailing, for the Smiths disliked the idea of losing their meal tickets just as much as Nan did. One romantic notion was that if Nan should pretend a suicide attempt, Caesar, seeing how much he meant to her, would not leave her.

The next day a man and a woman, whose descriptions tallied with Julia and Morgan Smith, went into the pawnshop of Hyman Stern on Sixth Avenue and bought a .32 caliber revolver for which they paid ten dollars. . .

On June 3, the day before the "Germanic" was to sail, Young and his wife went to the racetrack. He did not remain long with his wife but spent most of the afternoon sitting openly in the grandstand with Nan Patterson who had gone there to meet him.

He told Nan not to worry . . . that he would soon send for her . . . and that he wanted to see her that night. It seems that Young relished the hot water he was in, for he kept on making it hotter for himself.

He met her about 11 P.M. and they went driving through Central Park in a hansom cab for a last passionate embrace. Then they went to a bar for some drinks. Nan wept and cried that she would not allow him to go. "I'll go down to the boat and find you," she said. "And you won't go!" Young insisted he must go to Europe with his wife and they spent until almost 3 o'clock in the morning quarreling about it. Then they went to their respective hotels.

But Caesar's inability to make a clean break showed an indecision worthy of Hamlet! By 7 A.M. he was calling Nan on the phone and asking her to meet him at Columbus Circle. When he met Nan, Caesar was drunk.

From Columbus Circle, they took a hansom cab and instructed the driver to take them to Fulton Street—the "Germanic" sailed from the foot of Fulton Street. On the way downtown, Young had the driver stop at a hat store where he bought a new hat because his old one was dilapidated. They also stopped at a bar for a few more drinks, then resumed their journey to Fulton Street.

They had gone but a few blocks when the driver heard a loud explosion from inside the cab. A few seconds later, Nan threw open the trap in the roof of the cab, stuck her head out, and called to the driver. "For God's sake, take us to a drugstore!"

The driver very quickly found a druggist and brought him out to the cab. When the druggist found Caesar,

he was lying across Nan's lap. He advised them to go to the Hudson Street Hospital and when they arrived at the hospital Caesar Young was in no condition to take his European vacation—or anywhere else, for that matter—because he was dead! Nan was crying, "Oh, Caesar, Caesar, why did you do it?" A .32-caliber revolver was found in Caesar's right-hand coatpocket. Only one bullet had been fired.

When Nan was questioned by the police, she said that she had been looking out of the cab window when she had heard the shot, and was amazed when Caesar had fallen across her lap. As soon as she realized that he had shot himself, she ordered the driver to take them to the drugstore, and then to the hospital.

The police did not take kindly to her story. Caesar Young had been a right-handed man. The shot had entered his body at the left shoulder (Nan was seated on his left) and penetrated downward through his lungs. It had been held about six inches from his body, for there were no powder marks on his clothes. A man would have had to be a double-jointed acrobat to have shot himself in this manner. And since there were only Caesar and Nan in the cab and Caesar could not have fired the shot, their conclusion was that Nan must have done it.

Nan was charged with murder and lodged in the Tombs. The New York newspapers had a field day! The chorus girl and the millionaire! Murder in a hansom cab! Floradora Girl accused of murder! Every edition flaunted pictures of Nan in her Floradora costume. All New York took sides, but the preponderance of sympathy fell to Nan Patterson. The press took her up as their darling.

The District Attorney's investigating staff found the pawn shop where the murder gun had been purchased, but before they could confront Morgan and Julia Smith with Hyman Stern, the pawnbroker who had sold them the gun, that couple disappeared from New York. With them went the chance to tie the gun up with Nan. To many minds the flight of the Smiths was evidence of guilt, but legally, such suspicions could not hold up.

The case finally came to trial, but before it could get properly under way, one of the jurors had a cerebral hemorrhage which had paralyzed him and the judge had no choice but to declare a mistrial. Nan went back to her cell in the Tombs to await the second trial.

Between the Tombs building and the Criminal Court Building on the

next block, there was an enclosed overhead connecting bridge. This had been named by the reporters, the *Via Dolorosa*, or the Bridge of Sighs. Every murderer tried for his life crossed that bridge on the way to his final fate. Newspapers wept over poor, sweet Nan Patterson crossing the Bridge of Sighs.

The case was tried and retried in the newspapers. Today such coverage would be unthinkable for it cannot fail but produce prejudice. But those were the days when yellow journalism flourished, and the publisher's motto was, "when there is no news, invent some." The newspapers devoted columns to Nan's wardrobe, and to the dresses she was having made while in her cell. Her diet was discussed, and her weight, and the poor poetry she wrote was reproduced, line for line.

The second trial began and, as with the first, there was no space in the courtroom for all who wished to attend. Thousands were turned away and waited outside for news each day.

Nan was represented by Abraham Levy, of the firm of Levy & Unger, one of the outstanding legal firms of the day. Next to Mr. Howe, of Howe & Hummel, Mr. Levy had tried more murder cases than any other lawyer in New York, and his record of acquittals was a notable one.

In any American murder trial the prosecution must prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. The defense need not prove anything. All it must do is to put a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury.

The prosecution put up a strong case—there was the implied threat in Julia's letter to Caesar—the threat of Nan herself the night before the fatal day when she had been overheard to say, "I'll go down to the boat and find you and you won't go!"—and the fact that Caesar could not possibly have fired the shot. Besides, what man contemplating suicide would make sure to have warm suits for his stay in London or buy a new hat! No—Caesar had not shot himself and since he hadn't, the only one who could have done it was Nan who was in the right position to have done so.

Levy's defense was a simple one. Where was the motive? Who kills the goose that is laying the golden eggs? Young was the source of Nan's income. Just the day before he had given her an additional hundred dollars (in those days, that amount is equivalent to a thousand today), and had promised to send her more from London. His insistence on her riding down to the boat with him showed that he still cared for her and had

not made a final break. He pictured Nan as a poor, sweet girl seduced by a man of the world—a gambler—and had the public and the press almost in tears over her fate. Some of the jury were similarly affected, for when it came time for the verdict it was six for acquittal and six for conviction. A hung jury—which meant it had to be done all over again. Back to the Tombs went Nan to await her third trial.

During the course of the second trial, Morgan Smith had been discovered in Toronto. The District Attorney had sent the pawnbroker, Mr. Stern, to that Canadian city to see if he could identify Smith as the man who had bought the murder gun. Smith got news of Stern's presence in Toronto while he was being shaved in a barbershop. He jumped out of the barber chair with the lather still on his face and dashed out of the shop. When Stern got there, Smith had once more disappeared. That day, he left Toronto by train for parts unknown.

Later, he and Julia were recognized in Cincinnati, arrested, and brought back to New York. But it was too late to use him, for the second trial was over by the time they reached New York. They were lodged in the Tombs near Nan's cell, so that the sisters could converse with each other. Reporters were present to record and present to the public their sisterly conversations.

The third trial of Nan Patterson began on April 18, 1905. It followed pretty much the same course as the preceding trials—with one exception. The District Attorney now had Morgan and Julia Smith, and if he could prove they had been the purchasers of the murder weapon, Nan's doom would be pretty well sealed. But it had been a year since Mr. Stern had sold the gun, and when confronted with the Smiths in the courtroom, he could not make a positive identification.

Both the prosecution and the defense ignored the possibility that the shooting might have been an accident that came about by Nan threatening to shoot herself and the gun going off while Caesar was trying to wrest it from her. If the jury had tried Nan for manslaughter on those grounds, the D.A. would almost surely have obtained a conviction. But he insisted on Murder One—premeditated murder.

On his part, Levy accepted the prosecution's terms. In his summary to the jury, he insisted that they must find her guilty of premeditated murder as charged, and send her to the electric chair, or else find her not

guilty and free her. No in-between verdict would be acceptable, he claimed. The wise man guessed that most of the jurors felt that Nan was in some way connected with the firing of the gun, but that they doubted that murder had been premeditated.

Levy's assumption proved correct. The jury once more could not agree on a verdict. They stood eight for acquittal and four for conviction of the crime of manslaughter which does not carry the death penalty.

On May 12, 1905, Nan made her last journey across the Bridge of Sighs. In the courtroom the District Attorney, William Travers Jerome, stood before the Judge and said, "This case has been misrepresented to the public and the trial has resulted in a miscarriage of justice. . . . I ask that the defendant be discharged on her own recognizance. Another trial would be unavailing."

"The motion is granted," replied the judge, and Nan Patterson was freed.

Two thousand cheering fans awaited her as she left the criminal court building with Mr. Levy, her lawyer. It was the last he was to see of her, for she neglected even to go to his office to discuss the matter of a fee for his work. He was never paid.

For several years the newspapers attempted to keep the Nan Patterson case alive by reporting certain of her amorous adventures in which jealous wives sought to have her driven out of town or where rejected suitors committed suicide. Nan branded all the stories as lies.

Gradually, as new sensations occurred to fill the front pages, the papers began to neglect the doings of Nan, and within a few years the famous Nan Patterson case, which had kept New York in a turmoil for two years, faded into the background and became one of the legends of that great city.

MAFIA ASSASSINATION (Continued from Page 31)

It as a scoop. The story also told of the establishment of the Secret Service branch. So now Petrosino's whereabouts and his squad's activities were no longer a secret and everybody knew—particularly the Camorra and Mafia in New York and their counterparts in Italy in Sicily.

The Lieutenant's first stop was Rome. There he consulted with the Minister of the Interior, the Honorable Peano. Petrosino's reputation had preceded him and Peano received him most graciously. As a result of their talks, Peano issued orders to

the director of the police force throughout Italy to be sure that every police chief and mayor in the country be notified that no passports were to be issued to Italian criminals. This was a decisive step, for it would immediately shut off the infiltration of new blood to the criminal underworld in New York and other American cities.

Peano offered Petrosino police protection while he was in Italy, but Joe waved it aside. "I am accustomed to working alone," he said. "Besides, it is better that no one should know where I am living or working at any given moment. It is possible that some of your policemen may be members of the Mafia."

After his fruitful talks in Rome, the Lieutenant sailed for Palermo, Sicily, the home grounds of the Mafia. There he registered at the Hotel De France under the name of Guglielmo Di Simoni and set to work.

On March 1st, he sent a letter to Bingham which said in part: "I bereave with enclose penal certificate of Candela Gioaccino. There are no criminal records against Perico, Manatteri, and Matranga. I may find something about them later."

Joe worked on his lists for long hours, as he wished to finish his investigation as soon as possible and get back to his home. He missed his Adelina and the bambino.

It was Friday evening, March 11, 1909. Joe had been at the Hall of Records poring over old criminal files until 9 P.M. Then he put on his tophat, for March is still cool in Palermo, and walked to the Piazza Marina to take a trolley back to his hotel.

While waiting for the trolley, Joe gazed admiringly at the statue of Garibaldi, the man most responsible for the freedom and unity of Italy. He did not take notice of the two men who walked toward him until they had drawn their revolvers and began shooting. He managed to draw his own gun but it was too late. Bullets pierced his lungs, his chest and his temple and in less time than it takes to tell it, Joseph Petrosino was dead. The two assassins disappeared and were never found. The Mafia had removed its number one enemy!

The wanton murder created horror and indignation on both sides of the Atlantic. The Italian government offered a reward of 10,000 lire for the capture of the murderers. President Theodore Roosevelt said, "Petrosino was a great and good man. I knew him for years. He did not know the name of fear and was a man while. I regret his death most sincerely." Many more rewards were offered by organizations and indi-

viduals, among them Police Commissioner Bingham. There was a great hue and cry to find the killers and every Black Hand, Mafia and Camorra suspect was rounded up for questioning in every large city in the United States in the search for a lead. But Omerta prevailed. Nobody spoke.

Petrosino's body was brought back to New York for burial. There was a mile-long funeral, participated in by practically every official of the city and state government, as well as his thousands of friends and mourners.

Collections were taken up for the widow and more than ten thousand dollars were raised. The widow's pension was raised to one thousand dollars a year, a sum on which she could live comfortably in those days. A grateful city mourned its martyred hero and did everything in its power to show its sorrow.

It is probable that if Joseph Petrosino's work had been allowed to continue, there would have been eliminated the foundation of the great criminal organization which is so powerful throughout the United States today. His untimely death allowed the Mafia to flourish—and we are all paying for his murder, even now! ●

SEX SLAVES (Continued from Page 41)

Ah Toy was known not only for her beauty, but for the consummate art with which she practiced her profession. She left her partners with the feeling that they had indeed indulged in an act of love. Her manner took away all feelings of tawdriness and left instead an aura of voluptuous ecstasy. It was no wonder that she became the toast of Chinatown and the favorite of the rich, white men. With her, they experienced what they always hoped for but never found in their own homes.

When her freedom had been purchased, with the financial help of her white admirers, she set up a chain of whorehouses in San Francisco, Sacramento and other California cities. She instructed each of her girls in the art of lovemaking, explaining to them the value of a well-satisfied customer, but few of them ever reached the heights that she did.

Ah Toy bought girls for her own establishments and then broadened her business to become a general agent in the slave trade, buying and selling on the open market and arranging for the importation of girls from China. She became the largest slave trader in San Francisco, and

very wealthy. She was no longer Ah Toy, but *Madam Ah Toy* and was highly respected as a woman of wealth and position. At a comparatively young age, though, she sold all her possessions and returned to China where she lived a life of luxury and received the highest respect until her death.

Her career was often cited to girls beginning in the business as to what they could look forward to if they pursued their duties assiduously, but not one in a million possessed the combined beauty and talents of Ah Toy.

While in the import business, Ah Toy made it her practice to buy up the most presentable girls that could be found in China. Her large profits rested on the fact that she had the pick of the crop. Why this was so profitable was explained in an article in the San Francisco Chronicle. That paper had been investigating the Chinese girl slave trade and on December 5, 1869 write:

"The particular fine portions of the cargo, the fresh and pretty females who come from the interior (of China) are used to fill special orders from wealthy merchants and prosperous tradesmen. A considerable portion are sent into the interior (of California) to answer to demands from well-to-do miners and successful vegetable producers. (These two categories brought the highest prices.) Another lot . . . are examined critically and are sold to the 'trade' at rates ranging from \$500 down to \$200 according to their youth, beauty, and abilities. Those who come from seaboard towns where contact with white sailors reduces even more the low standard of Chinese morals are sold to proprietors of select brothels. Those who are afflicted with disease, who suffer from the incurable attacks of Asiatic Scrofula or who have the misfortune of possessing a bad temper were used in the more inferior dens of prostitution."

Such articles in the newspapers and magazines of the day made the slave trade public knowledge, but San Francisco was going through its most lawless period, when proper payments to the police and politicians protected the most nefarious criminals.

But if the whites of San Francisco did little or nothing to prevent the slave trade, there were those among the Chinese population who did. Foremost among these were the Six Companies and the Chinese Society of English Education.

The Six Companies was a powerful influence in all Chinatown matters. The organization was composed

of the owners of the six wealthiest Chinese American businesses in San Francisco. They contributed a fund of more than two hundred thousand dollars for the importation of Chinese, mostly of the coolie labor class, into the United States.

Through their agents in China, they would advance passage money to any Chinese working man who wished to immigrate. When the immigrant arrived they would arrange for a job for him—sometimes in the mining fields, sometimes in San Francisco. There was no difficulty obtaining work since the Chinese pay scale was far lower than the white man's. (It was this gap in coolie wages, and not the slave or opium trades, in which the Chinese indulged, that caused the passage of the Exclusion Acts which kept Chinese immigrants from entering California legally.)

The Six Companies also would arrange for living accommodations for their importees. In exchange for all this, the newly arrived Chinese would pay the Six Companies a portion of his wages until he had repaid his loan with a very high rate of interest. After the loan was repaid he would continue to pay a portion of his wages on a slightly reduced scale. For the rest of his working life he was bound to continue these payments.

The Six Companies acted for him not only on financial matters but also on legal affairs and on any problems that might arise between him and his neighbors or employer.

As a result, a large portion of the Chinese labor in this country was in constant debt to and under the jurisdiction of the Six Companies. This was a condition closely bordering on slavery. Yet it was legal and respectable, and above all, very profitable for the Six Companies. It was no wonder that they were opposed to the slave trade in girls. They received no profit from it—in fact, it was in competition to their own import business and besides, it was giving Chinatown a bad name.

So, to protect their own interests, the Six Companies attempted to get the San Francisco authorities to stop the slave trade in prostitutes. They had very little success. Once in a long while they would succeed in having an incoming ship raided but the raids were few and far between. The largest number confiscated from any ship was forty-three girls between the ages of eight and thirteen years of age.

The girls who were taken off the raided ships were sent to the Magdalene Asylum and attempts were made to find them jobs in household

service for whites, but many of them eventually wound up in the brothels, where at least they were among their own people.

At that time there were more than fifteen hundred active slave prostitutes in the city and there was no real difficulty in replenishing their numbers as the older girls (at age 20), died off.

The Chinese Society of English Education, composed of Chinese merchants and professionals, went further than the Six Companies. They not only arranged for raids on incoming ships, but they actually were able to have some of the already established girls deported back to China. This greatly angered the slave traders and they struck back.

They sent a formal notice to the Society, informing them that if they continued their anti-slave activities, they and their families would be killed. They listed the names of the first intended victims. They were: Dear Wo, Lee Hem, Ong Lin Foon, Chin Fong, Chin Ming Sek, and Hoo Yee Hin—all leaders of the Society.

To add power to their threat, they let it be known by means of posters on the bulletin boards in Chinatown that they had employed twelve well-known and feared tong killers.

The Society lost its ardor for the fight and did very little else to stop the slave trade.

After the Exclusion Acts in the mid 1880's, it became more difficult to obtain girls. But ways were found to bring them in. Some were bootlegged in through Canada—as was whiskey in a later period—others came claiming to be the wives of Chinese already settled here. It is estimated that, despite the Exclusion Acts, there were still more than a thousand slave prostitutes active in San Francisco after 1900.

Prostitution and the slave trade went its merry unhindered way until April of 1906. On the 8th of that month there was an earthquake in San Francisco, followed by a fire which, because of broken water mains, raged unchecked for two days. When it was all over, Chinatown had been completely burned out. Nothing was left but rubble.

With the rebuilding in the hands of the men of wealth, there was no room for the mean cribs and vice dens that had lined its streets. The slave traders found themselves without a home and the new Chinatown settled itself into becoming an integral part of the San Francisco community, known for its hard working, law abiding citizenry.

And it has remained that way to this day. ●

DILLINGER'S BRAIN

(Continued from Page 47)

Third: Rehearsal for the job. Everyone of the gang was given a specific job and a timetable for it. The gang was to leave the bank after a specified number of minutes regardless of how much of the money they had gathered by then. The job was rehearsed time after time until every man had his part down letter perfect.

Fourth: Know where you are going after the job is finished. There must be a safe hideout prepared before the job is attempted, so that the escape car and its riders would have a place to stay until it was safe to take to the road again.

Fifth: Rehearse the getaway. The driver would go over the escape route a half-dozen times in all kinds of weather so that he would know exactly what he was doing under any circumstances.

Dietrich drilled the foursome in the Lamm plan, in preparation for the time when they would be able to resume their chosen profession. But, before they could do that they would have to get out of prison, and to this end, Pierpont devised a plan for a prison break. He had learned from his own experience of four unsuccessful attempts that any individualistic, spontaneous try was doomed to failure. Like a successful bank robbery, a successful jailbreak required careful planning.

Success would require specific activities inside and outside the jail. The inside work would involve the bribery of certain guards. The outside job would entail the raising of escape funds and obtaining guns which must be transferred to the convicts inside. Pierpont knew which guards could be bribed. This was a period when the prisons were at the mercy of the politicians. Trained guards were being dismissed to make way for political appointees—usually clubhouse hangers-on with no experience, who were on the make. A little money scattered among them with discrimination could work wonders.

For the outside work, Pierpont selected John Dillinger who was up for parole and who would soon be free. Dillinger was briefed as thoroughly as an army man going into battle. He was given a list of confederates he could approach in various towns. Another list contained the banks and business that would be easy to knock over. He was also told where he could fence stolen goods and hot money.

Dillinger agreed to the plan with one proviso. That was that young James Jenkins should be included in the escape. Pierpont hesitated because Jenkins, doing a life term for murder, was rumored to be Dillinger's "wife." (Homosexuality was and still is practiced in most prisons.) When Dillinger insisted that that was the only condition upon which he would take the outside job, Pierpont gave in and agreed to include Jenkins.

In May of 1933, Dillinger left the prison to face his future. He had decided that it should be as a member of the Pierpont gang of bank robbers, and his task now was to raise the money to free the gang from jail.

During June, July, and August, Dillinger, using the lists furnished him by Pierpont, was involved in a series of almost humorously inept and unrewarding holdups. Everything seemed to go wrong. Half of the banks and businesses listed were closed down due to the Depression. Recommended confederates were either in jail or unwilling to join in with Dillinger's plans. Nevertheless, he kept himself so busy that he was being looked for by the police of six states and only by fantastically good luck did he escape capture. Then, on September 6th, with two accomplices, he held up the State Bank of Indianapolis, and got away with almost twenty-five thousand dollars. By sheer good luck, for Dillinger did no planning on his early robberies, the payroll for a large company was in the bank at the moment of the holdup—otherwise there would have been a very small "take" on the job.

With enough money to put the prison-break plan into effect, Dillinger contacted two women suggested by Pierpont. Pearl Elliot owed Pierpont a favor, for she had been involved in the bank robbery that had sent him to jail but he had covered for her and she had escaped scot-free. She agreed to act as a go-between and pass on the bribe money for the guards.

Mary Kinder, the other woman, was fairly pretty, twenty-two years old and less than five feet tall. Her value was in her connections with the Indiana State Prison, for therein resided, besides Pierpont, who had been a friend since her childhood, two of her brothers and an ex-husband. Upon Pierpont's promise, relayed to her by Dillinger, that he would bring her brother Ed along in the breakout, she agreed to help. Her job was to obtain an inconspicuous apartment in Indianapolis where the prisoners could hide.

On the night of September 14th,

according to plan, Dillinger threw three guns, wrapped in newspaper and cotton, over the wall into the prison yard. The guards were supposed not to notice them, and they didn't. But before Pierpont could get to them, another convict picked them up and turned them over to the assistant warden.

Pierpont, fearful that the discovery of the guns might call for extra guards and foil his plans, "kited" a note to Dillinger telling him to send more guns by putting them in a box of material that would be delivered to the prison shirt factory where Walter Dietrich worked. However, he neglected to inform Dillinger that the date of the escape had been pushed forward, so that Dillinger and Mary Kinder both thought the breakout was slated for the 27th of the month or later.

It was on the 26th that ten inmates, working in different prison shops, asked for hospital passes, and met in the foyer of the shirt factory. Pierpont, Dietrich, Makley and Hamilton had the guns which Dietrich had received via Dillinger by way of the shirt factory, and the others were supplied with imitation guns which had been fashioned by Pierpont and Makley.

The group collected a few hostages on the way and marched down to the side entrance of the prison, stopping at the office only to collect what cash and guns they could—then, outside to freedom! They stole two cars and were soon wheeling their way to Indianapolis. One car with four men got bogged down in the mud. The second carried Pierpont, Makley, Hamilton, Clark, Jenkins, and a man named Shouse, who, in the confusion, had joined the breakout. When Pierpont's car reached Mary Kinder's house, she was surprised and shocked for, not expecting the breakout for several more days, she had not yet rented an apartment for the escapees.

Since she lived in a three-room apartment with her mother, step-father and sister, it was obvious she could not put them up, but neither could she leave them sitting out in the rain with every policeman in the state searching for them. Mary had an admirer, Ralph Saffell, who had asked her to marry him. She decided to use him. They drove to the house he lived in and Mary rang the bell. When Ralph invited her in she accepted his invitation, but to his amazement and horror six men in prison uniforms trooped in after her. It is doubtful that in all the romances ever recorded a suitor was so treated by his beloved.

Within a day or so, after Mary

had bought them clothing with money she had received from Dillinger, they found a new hideout in Hamilton, Ohio.

Then Mary told them the sad and shocking news. The day before the breakout, Dillinger had been captured and was now in jail in Lima, Ohio. While they were coming out, he was going in. There was no question in the gang's mind but that they must do for him what he had done for them. They must plan his breakout.

To get the necessary money for more guns, they decided to hold up the small bank at St. Marys, just a few miles from Lima, Ohio. They collected over eleven thousand dollars, but it was all in new bills. Mary washed and ironed them repeatedly until they looked old enough to spend. Then—on to Lima!

Sheriff Sarber lived in a brick house that was connected to the jail where Dillinger was being held. The Sheriff had just finished supper when Pierpont, Makley, and Clark entered his office, claiming to be officers from Michigan City. Shouse waited outside as the lookout. They had come, they said, to see Dillinger. Sarber asked for their credentials. "These are our credentials," said Pierpont, drawing his guns.

"Oh, no!" said Sarber and reached for his weapon. Pierpont fired and the shot struck Sarber, felling him. Pierpont demanded the keys to the cells and struck Sarber on the head with his gun. To avoid further beating of her husband, Mrs. Sarber gave Pierpont the keys. Later, however, the sheriff's wound proved fatal.

As soon as Dillinger heard the shots he grabbed for his hat and coat and said, "That'll be my boys coming for me." In a few minutes, Pierpont was opening Dillinger's cell, and John was free again.

There followed a series of holdups and nearly miraculous escapes until the end of January when the gang was recognized in Tucson, Arizona, and picked up by a small police force without a shot being fired.

Indiana, Ohio, and Wisconsin all wanted the criminals. They agreed to waive extradition to Wisconsin which had no death penalty. But the matter was settled differently. Dillinger, without his consent, was hustled off to Indiana where he was placed in an "escape-proof" jail in Crown Point. Pierpont and the others were sent to Ohio to answer for the murder of Sheriff Sarber.

But there was no holding Dillinger in jail, even though Crown Point had installed additional guards for

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the specific purpose of preventing his escape. By the use of an imitation gun, Dillinger was able to force a guard to open his cell. Then, with the guard's gun and the guard as hostage, he was able to force his way through all the locked and barred doors to freedom. It was the most daring escape in the history of all prison breaks.

He gathered a new gang, which included Baby Face Nelson, and started on a new crime spree that ended only with his death in Chicago on July 22, 1934. The FBI had been tipped off that he was at the Biograph Theatre. They waited for him, and when he came out, they gunned him down. It was the only way to prevent him from escaping.

Dillinger was buried at Crown Point Cemetery. There were many protests against it since that cemetery was the last resting place of President Benjamin Harrison, three vice-presidents, two governors, and the famous poet, James Whitcomb Riley. At last, Dillinger was in good company.

In Ohio, Pierpont and Makley were found guilty of murder and condemned to death in the electric chair. When they heard of the Dillinger escape from Crown Point they decided to try the same trick. With guns they had fashioned from soap, they attempted to escape from the death house of the Ohio State Prison at Columbus. They had taken only one guard when the riot squad arrived and began shooting. Makley was killed and Pierpont was wounded.

But the wound was not serious enough to keep him from going to the electric chair a month later. With Pierpont's death, went the evil genius of lawless era. But though Pierpont and his pupils died, crime has not. It has increased a hundredfold since 1934. There are thousands who have not yet learned the lesson of Pierpont and Dillinger—that simple four-word lesson: Crime Does Not Pay! ●



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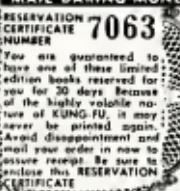
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